The SPHERE

CHRISTMAS · 1936

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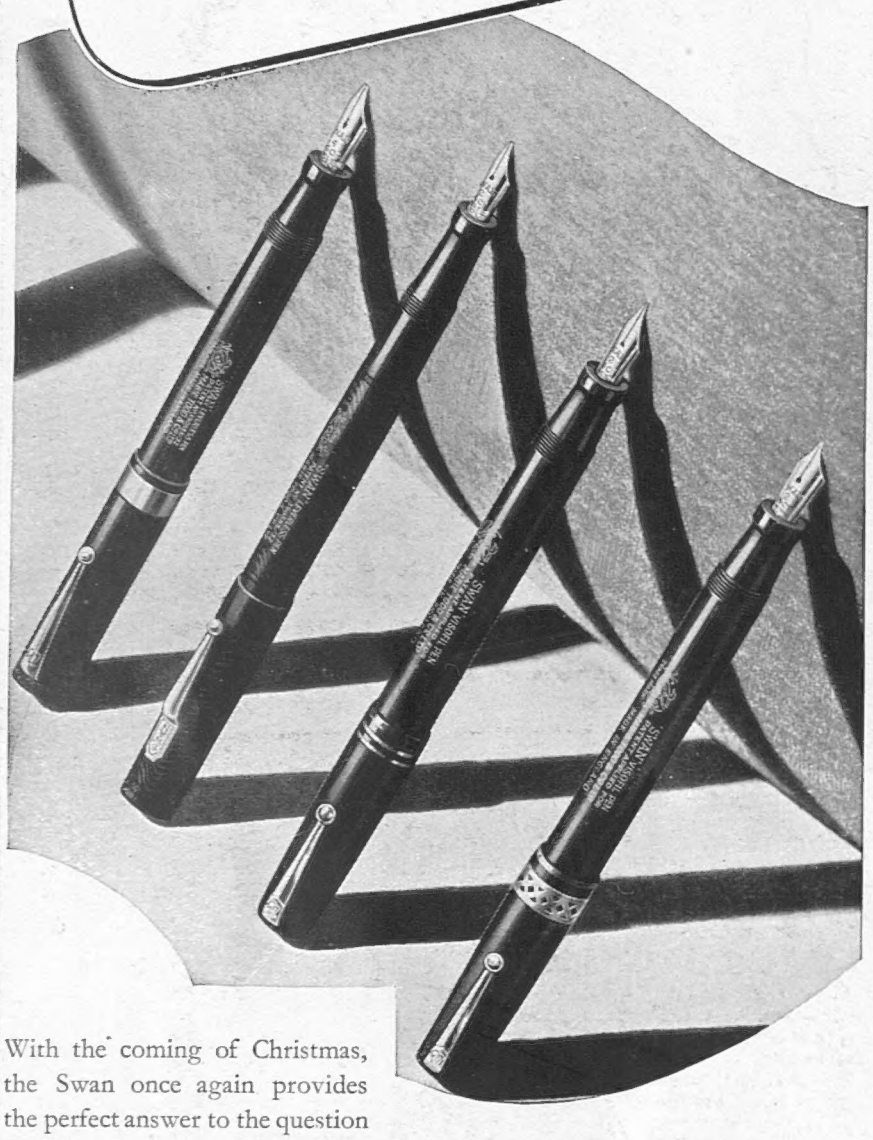

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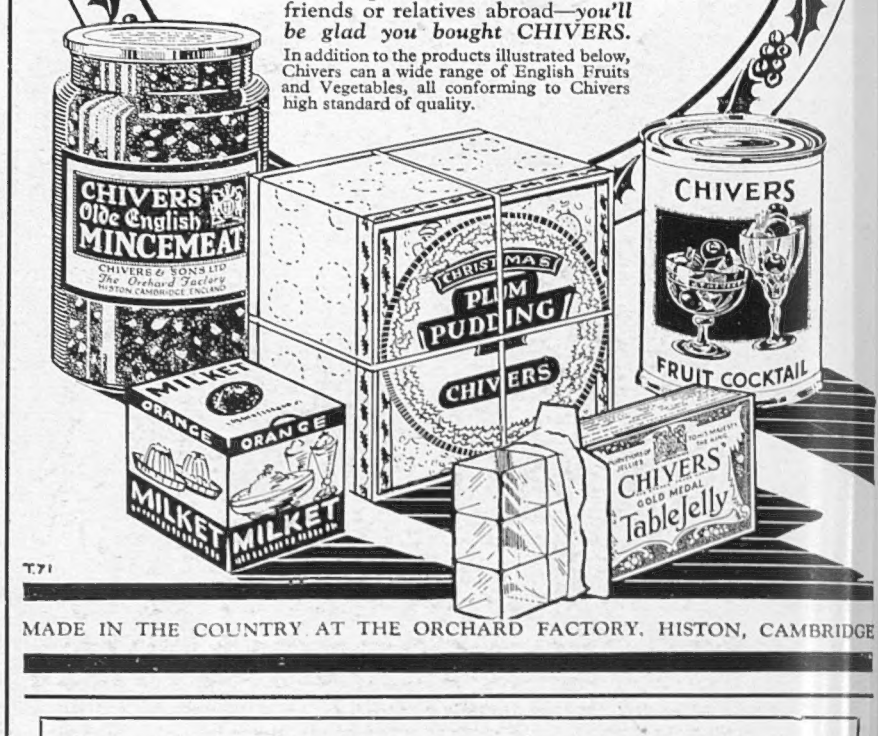

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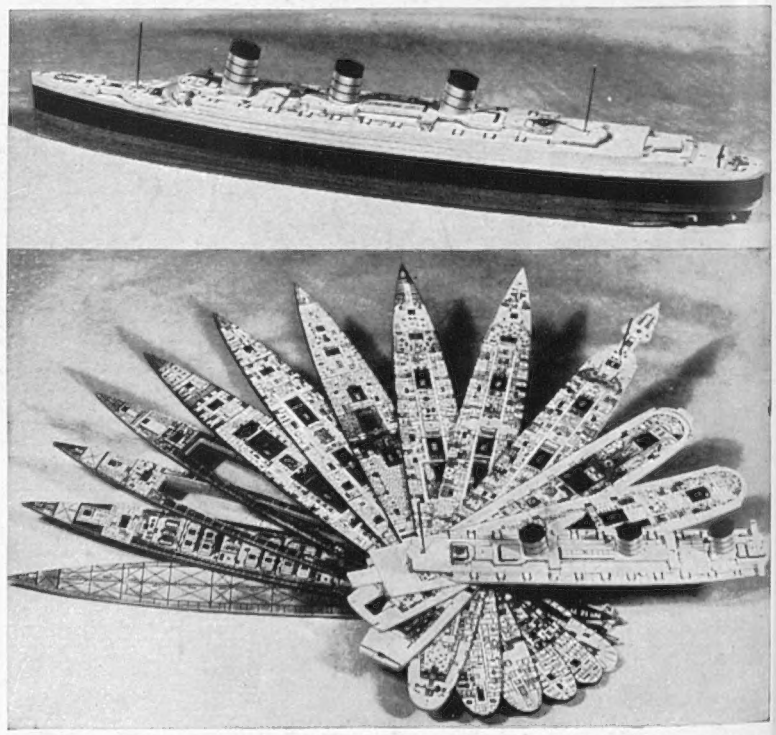

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The SPHERE

CORNISH WAITS

From the painting in oils by Millar Watt

★ ★ BETHLEHEM ★ ★

The Son of God is born for all
At Bethl'em in a cattle stall:
He lieth in a crib so small,
And wrapt in swaddling clothes withal.

•

Rejoice to-day for Jesu's sake,
Within our hearts His cradle make:
A shrine, wherein the babe may take
His rest in slumber or awake.

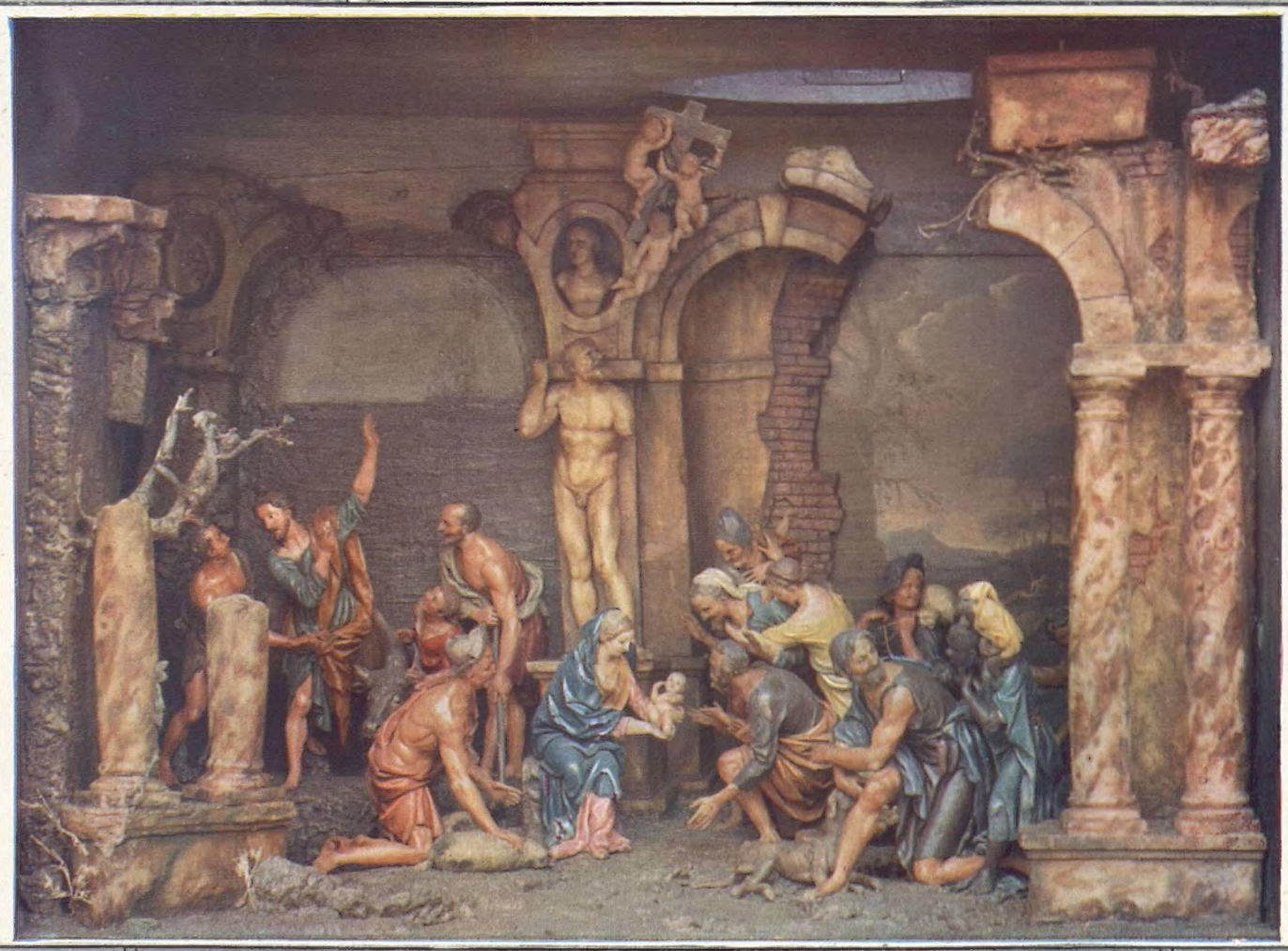
Beneath Him set His crib of tree;
Let Hope *the little mattress be,*
His pillow Faith, *full fair to see,*
With coverlet of Charity.

•

By, by, lullay before Him sing;
Go, wind the horn, and pluck the string,
Till all the place with music ring;
And bid one prayer to Christ our King.

[*Praetorius*, 1609

VIRGIN AND CHILD.—*By an English potter.*
[From the Victoria and Albert Museum collection



THE NATIVITY IN WAX, a new acquisition by the Victoria and Albert Museum. The adoration of the Shepherds is taking place in a classical ruin, carried out with Renaissance feeling. Above, three cherubs support a cross. The whole of the colouring is very delicate in execution

A SONG OF THE HOLLY BUSH

NOW, of all the trees by the King's highway,
Which do you love the best?
O! The one which is green upon Christmas Day,
The bush with the bleeding breast ...
'Tis a bush that the birds will never leave:
They sing in it all day long;
But sweetest of all upon Christmas Eve
Is to hear the robin's song.

Extracted from a Christmas chant, by Robert Stephen Hawker, 1838

Illustrated 1936, by Helen Mackenzie

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Extract from the poem by Alfred Austin

When Summer, lingering half-forlorn,
On Autumn loves to lean,
And fields of slowly yellowing corn
Are girt by woods still green,
When hazel-nuts wax brown and plump,
And apples rosy-red,
And the owlet hoots from hollow stump,
And the dormouse makes its bed;
When crammed are all the granary floors,
And the Hunter's moon is bright,
And life is sweet again indoors,
And logs again alight;
Ay, even when the houseless wind
Waileth through cleft and chink,
And in the twilight maids grow kind,
And jugs are filled and clink;

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As Spring revives the year,
And hails us with the cuckoo's song,
To show that she is here;
So long as May of April takes,
In smiles and tears, farewell,
And windflowers dapple all the brakes,
And primroses the dell;
While children in the woodlands yet
Adorn their little laps
With ladysmock and violet,
And daisy-chain their caps;
While over orchard daffodils
Cloud-shadows float and fleet,
And ousel pipes and laverock trills
And young lambs buck and bleat;
So long as that which bursts the bud
And swells and tunes the rill,
Makes springtime in the maiden's blood,
Life is worth living still.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

When children clasp their hands and pray
"Be done Thy Heavenly Will!"
Who doth not lift his voice and say,
"Life is worth living still"?

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right,
Wail of the weak against the strong,
Or tyranny to fight;
Long as there lingers gloom to chase,
Or streaming tear to dry,
One kindred woe, one sorrowing face
That smiles as we draw nigh;
Long as at tales of anguish swells
The heart, and lids grow wet,
And at the sound of Christmas bells
We pardon and forget;
So long as Faith with Freedom reigns,
And loyal Hope survives,
And gracious Charity remains
To leaven lowly lives;
While there is one untrodden tract
For Intellect or Will
And men are free to think and act,
Life is worth living still.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Decoration by REES.

CHRISTMAS EVE

From the painting by A. Davis

What wisdom more, what better life, than pleaseth God to send ?

What worldly goods, what longer use, than pleaseth God to lend ?

What better fare than well content, agreeing with thy wealth ?

What better guest than trusty friend, in sickness and in health ?

What better bed than conscience good, to pass the night with sleep ?

Tusser

WITH KING ARTHUR and

In the far off days when Forests, and when the V

EVERYONE has heard of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table and of Sir Lancelot's guilty love for Queen Guinevere. The names, too, of Geraint and Enid and the other knights and ladies of Tennyson's Idylls are familiar to most of us, but fewer is the number who are textually familiar with "The Book of the Graal," an MS. in the library of the Dukes of Burgundy at Brussels, which was done into English by the late Sebastian Evans. He believed that this old French story was the original version of Sir Perceval and the Holy Grail, "whole and uncorrupt as it left the hands of its first author." Let us introduce this version to those of our readers to whom it is not already known. It is easily obtainable in book form.

The story tells of a wonderful land with but few roads through the forests which separated castle from castle. There is a rare mention of burgesses and there must have been a few ordinary people here and there, but they are very much in the background. The story is focused on the armed and strongly mounted knights (for it was a day when the land was full of powerful steeds) and on the richly clad damsels who are never for long out of sight. There are one or two ladies of high station encountered in the course of the story, but mostly the females appear to be damsels owning castles in their own right. So personable are they that the wandering knight, seated opposite one of them at board, finds himself gazing very hard at her passing great beauty and has to remind himself from time to time of his high quest. In fact these landed damsels prove to be very serious distractions in the path of the knightly seekers.

The story begins with the lament of the Queen and of the few knights gathered at the royal table concerning King Arthur's lack of high enterprise, a condition of affairs so different from the earlier days of his career. The King determines to alter all this and to call a court high-plenary at Caerleon. This is how the story starts—

The Knights of the Round Table, including Sir Gawain, counsellor and ambassador; Sir Lohot, son to King Arthur

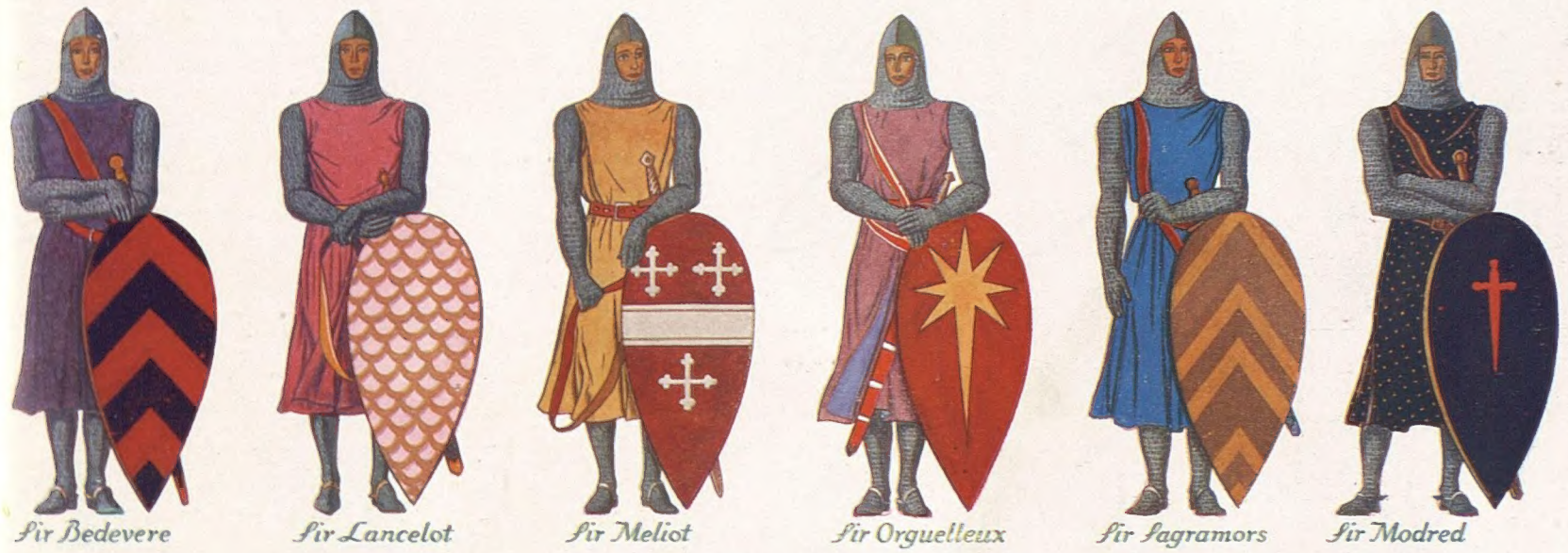
All through "The Book of the Graal" good knights are charging bad knights, and many a time the spearpoint of the one pierces the habergeon of the other. . . . their massive hooves, so many handsome and mighty steeds were there about in those simple but decorative days. This and all th

...is KNIGHTS ✲ ✲ ✲ ✲

...he land was covered with Castles and ...ant met the Beautiful at every turn

KING ARTHUR was at Cardoil with the Queen and right few knights. By God's pleasure, the wish and the will had come back to him to win honour and to do largesse as most he might. He made seal his letters and sent them throughout all his lands and all the islands, and gave notice to the barons and knights that he would hold court at Pannenoisance, that is situate on the sea of Wales, at the feast of S. John after Whitsuntide. And he was minded to put it off until that day, for that Whitsuntide was already too nigh, and they that should be present thereat might not all come by the earlier day. The tidings went through all lands, so that knights come in great plenty thereunto, for well-doing had so waxed feeble in all the kingdoms, that every one had avoided King Arthur as one that should do nought more for ever. Wherefore all began now to marvel whence his new desire had come. The knights of the Table Round that were scattered through the lands and the forests, by God's will learnt the tidings and right great joy had they thereof, and came back to the court with great ado. But neither Messire Gawain nor Lancelot came thither on that day. But all the other came that were then on live.

Tintagel, the Tindagoyl of the earlier versions



Sir ...odred, traitorous nephew of the King; and Sir Lancelot of the Lake, a late comer to King Arthur's Court

They all appear to be mounted on hefty beasts, who must have made the forest tracks shake with ... other embellishments on these two pages are by H. Hookway Cowles

S. John's day came, and the knights were come from all parts, marvelling much that the King had not held the court at Whitsuntide, but they knew not the occasion thereof. The day was fair and clear and the air fresh, and the hall was wide and high and garnished of good knights in great plenty. The cloths were spread on the tables whereof were great plenty in the hall. The King and the Queen had washen and went to sit at the head of one table, and the other knights sate them down, whereof were full five score and five as the story telleth. Kay the Seneschal and Messire Ywain the son of King Urien served that day at the tables at meat, and five-and-twenty knights beside. And Lucan the Butler served the golden cup before the King. The sun shone through the windows everywhere amidst the hall that was strown of flowers and rushes and sweet herbs and gave out a smell like as had it been sprinkled of balm. And straightway after the first meat had been served, and while they were yet awaiting the second, behold you three damsels where they enter into the hall! She that came first sate upon a mule white as driven snow and had a golden bridle and a saddle with a bow of ivory banded with precious stones and a saddle-cloth of a red samite dropped of gold. The damsel that was seated on the mule was right seemly of body but scarce so fair of face, and she was robed in a rich cloth of silk and gold.

* * *

THE other damsel that came behind rode after the fashion of a squire, and carried a pack trussed behind her with a brachet thereupon, and at her neck she bore a shield banded argent and azure with a red cross, and the boss was of gold all set with precious stones. The third damsel came afoot with her kirtle tucked up like a running footman: and she had in her hand a whip wherewith she drove the two steeds. Each of these twain was fairer than the first, but the one afoot surpassed both the others in beauty. The first cometh before the King, there where he sitteth at meat with the Queen. "Sir," said she, "The Saviour of the world grant you honour and joy and (*Continued on a later page*)

WRECK ASHORE: A spot of wrecking could be profitably, if dangerously, added to the nefarious business of smuggling. From the original drawing by E. Albert

SMUGGLERS *and* SMUGGLING

Being the story of a century of struggle between the preventive men and desperate gangs who used every device to outwit the law, together with a chapter on the elusive Will Watch, whose deeds are recorded in verse, play and story.

By Mary Headlam

WATCHING: A typical preventive man. From a contemporary print

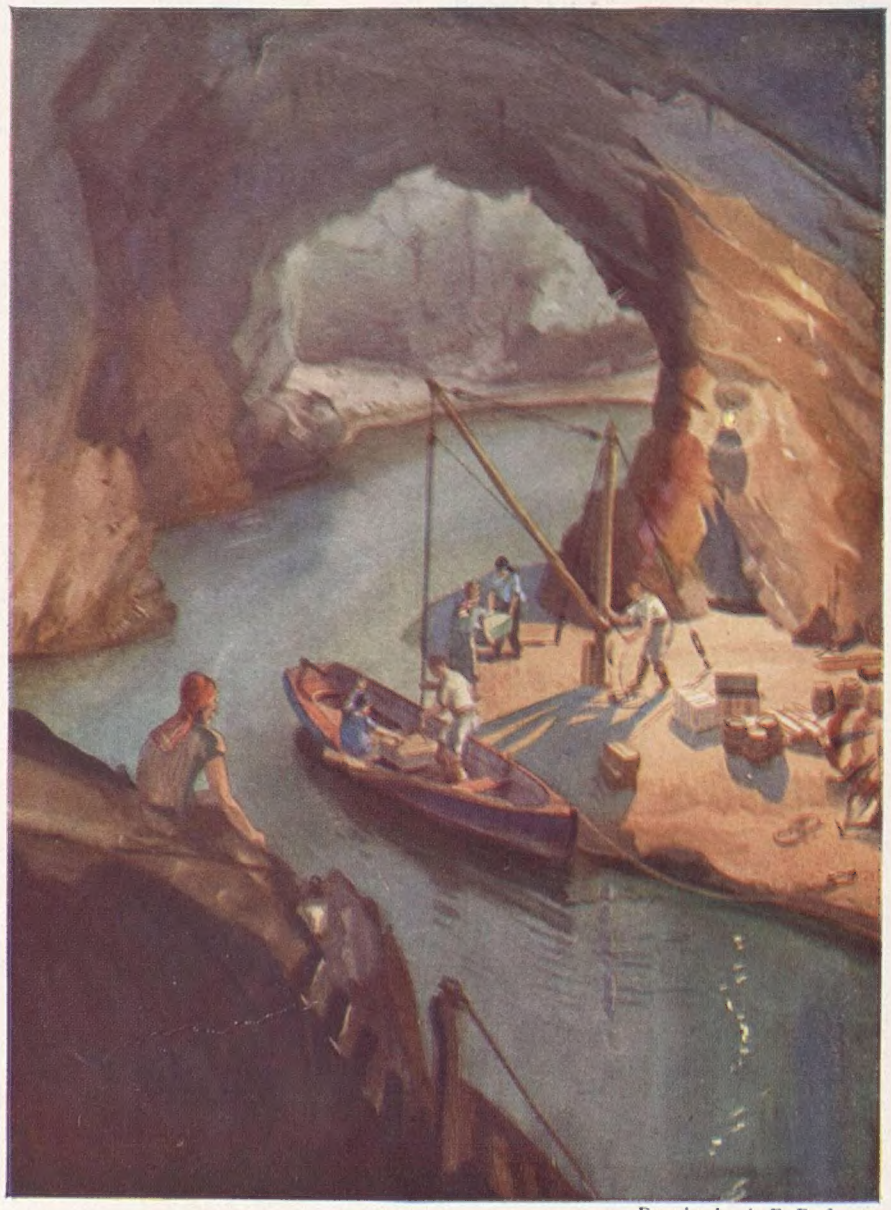
THE story of Smuggling within our period — 1750 to 1850—covers in some ways the most interesting of smuggling days. Previous to 1750, the men engaged in it were undoubtedly rough, fierce, brutal, and unscrupulous. The horrible murders of Chater and Galley, and the capture and punishment of those concerned in these and other outrages led to the breaking-up of the famous Hawkhurst gang in 1749. Hawkhurst was able to muster 500 men at a moment's notice in support of the smugglers, men well-armed and mounted far better than the Riding Officers. The smugglers had established a reign of terror, and no one dared to refuse them anything. Farmers used to be warned a day or two beforehand that their horses would be wanted. They knew if they refused that their farms and even their lives might be in danger. The headquarters of this gang was at Seacocks Heath, where one of their leaders, Arthur Gray, built a house and stored his booty. The name by which the smugglers were known was the Sea Cocks; and it is preserved in Seacox, the residence of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the site of Gray's house.

Taxes Lead to Smuggling

The high duty and the number of articles dutiable were, of course, strong incentives to smuggling. In 1787, there were 1,425 articles of import liable to duty. Sir Robert Peel's action in reducing this number by some four hundred had a good effect; but smuggling still went on, principally in tobacco, spirits, silks, laces, watches, and the like. Sidney Smith in 1820 said: "Taxes are levied on everything that enters the mouth, covers the back, or is placed under foot . . . At bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The schoolboy spins a taxed top; the youth manages a taxed horse, with a taxed bridle and taxed saddle on a taxed road. The dying Englishman pouring his medicine, which has paid 7 per cent., into a spoon that has paid 15 per cent., flings himself back on his chintz bed that has paid 22 per cent.; makes his will on an eight pound stamp and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid one hundred pounds licence for the privilege of putting him to death."

The value and amount of the cargoes smuggled is very astonishing. In 1743, an official report states that 1,350,000 lb. of tea were smuggled into England, one Dutch firm alone smuggling in half a million pounds. About one hundred years afterwards, it was estimated that the revenue lost half a million a year from the smuggling of French brandy alone. A naval officer, who had been both smuggler and hunter of smugglers, stated that to his certain knowledge five cutters operating between France and the Kent and Sussex coasts used to bring in £3,000 worth of tea and brandy weekly. The cargoes were mostly transhipped somewhere at sea, smaller craft bringing the goods to and from the larger vessels. Some of these vessels were far faster and better equipped than the revenue cutters sent to capture them. It took four of H.M. ships to capture one of these schooners, armed as she was with sixteen

(*Continued on page 10*)



Drawing by A. B. Buchanan

IN A SMUGGLER'S DREAM CAVERN: There are many tales extant of the manner in which deep caves were employed by smugglers as temporary depositories of their contraband goods. The ideal cave had an inner connection with some innocent-looking farmhouse from which waggons could set out at the appointed hour

Heard in the "Goods Office"

"I say Mr. Hamper, we seem to be bound for the same address this Christmas!"

GEO. SMITH ESQ. PROSPERITY HOUSE, LUCKSWAY, LINCS.

George Smith Esq. Prosperity House, Lucksway, Lin

PERISHABLE

WITH CARE

To Geo. Smith Esq. Prosperity House, Lucksway. LINCS.

DEWAR'S

Christmas Cheer

Dewar's "White Label"

Superior Whisky that Never Varies

"That's so, Mr. Fishmat and as you observe, we are in FIRST CLASS COMPANY with DEWAR'S"

"WHITE LABEL" is Famous Christmas Cheer

SMUGGLERS &

(*Continued from page 8*)

The parson often found a cask on his doorstep...

four-pounders, and twenty swivel guns, with plenty of gunpowder, muskets, etc. This was the *Kent*, built at Folkestone for fast sailing, with a main-mast of 77 feet. and a main-boom of 57 feet. She was about two hundred tons, and was eventually captured in 1777.

Villagers in with the Smugglers

The Government had a hard task in attempting to put a stop to smuggling. One of the chief difficulties was that practically the whole community sympathised with and aided the smugglers. Although the big gangs had been broken up, the whole of the inhabitants would often turn out to rescue cargo or men seized by the revenue patrols. Every man in the village had probably an interest in the cargo and was prepared to fight for his share and his friends. The fact was that the public as a whole did not consider smuggling as a serious offence, and everyone was ready to "watch the wall," when the gentlemen went by. A farmer would find his horses missing one morning from his stables. He did not worry, for he knew that they would be returned safe and sound in due course, and that a cask of spirits or a bale of silk would be found lying somewhere in acknowledgment of the loan. The parson often found a cask on his doorstep, the price of a little convenient blindness as to the use that his church or churchyard might have been put to during the night.

Churches, barns, inns, private houses, all were used as hiding places. There is a story told of one parson who came to conduct a service in a small village being informed on arrival that no service could be held, for "the pulpit be's full of tea and the vestry wi' brandy." Another story relates the discomfiture of a country parson, proudly showing his bishop over his church, when he found the place piled high with cases of brandy and tea.

The smugglers were well led, brave, daring, cunning, magnificent seamen and pilots, and moreover, poor and hardworking. With the squire and the parson taking an active part in the Great Game, they did not see why they should not procure the means of some small luxury or necessity for themselves and their families.

Preventive Forces Handicapped until Napoleon's Defeat

The forces of Law and Order, on the other hand, were handicapped by lack of men, money and vessels at this time, all the available resources being required for wars abroad. A reward was offered for each smuggler captured; and counties were fined for each revenue officer attacked or killed within their limits. But it was not until 1816, after Napoleon's defeat, that the Admiralty was able to tackle the question with effect. In April, 1816, they took over all the revenue cutters. They established preventive boats to operate in the creeks and likely landing places with the cutters, especially when, as frequently happened, these were not able to put to sea from stress of weather. They arranged for the co-operation of the military; this, indeed, was not always so successful as it might have been, owing to intense jealousy between them and the revenue men. A Bill was prepared to come before Parliament, for taking over land along the coast for the erection of "military guard-houses or watch houses," and in order to encourage information against smugglers, the Admiralty recommended that payment of shares for seizures and information should be facilitated. Strong measures were to be taken, and rewards

The inhabitants would often turn out to rescue cargo...

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WATCH'S DESPERATE RESISTANCE:

Smugglers and Smuggling

(Continued from page 13)

ing seizures of gold coin on board the *Chichester* and *Princess Augusta* packets bound for Calais, and I am to desire you will report to my Lords such observations as may occur to you thereon.

S. R. Lushington.

February 19, 1818.

Sir,—I am commanded to transmit herewith for your information a letter from the Secretary to the Board of Admiralty and its enclosures, giving information with regard to a quantity of gold coin which was attempted to be exported from this country by the smugglers near Deal.

S. R. Lushington.

April, 1818.

Sir,—I herewith transmit by command, etc., the enclosed copy of a letter from Mr. Knight, H.M. Vice-Consul at Boulogne, giving information respecting gold smuggled into that port from Rye.

S. R. Lushington.

Letters dated November–December, 1817, give particulars of the division of the rewards made for gold seizures.

Devices for Concealing the Goods

With the beginning of the nineteenth century, it became, as we have said, more a matter of cunning and skill in eluding the forces of the Crown, on the part of the smugglers, than the exercise of brute force, which had been prevalent in the earlier period.

Many were the devices employed. One clever idea was to run the vessel to the entrance of the harbour or creek at flood tide; then to drop the tubs, attached to a raft with grapnel anchors, overboard. The top of the raft was painted white, the lower part green. This was so constructed as to come right in with the tide until within seven feet of water, when the two grapnels would bite and moor the raft. When the tide had dropped enough, watchers on shore could wade out and retrieve the booty. The raft, when moored, was in broken water, and the white paint on the top made it very difficult to see.

Another scheme was to wrap the casks in canvas attached to a chain, which was slipped through an iron pipe by the stern post, one end fastened to the tiller, the other well under water, drawing the long sausage of barrels safely and well hidden. This was practised about 1815.

Another plan of the same kind to be used when overtaken and likely to be searched, was to attach the barrels to a long chain or rope, with anchors at each end each barrel having a weight midway between the next one. The spot at which this was thrown over was registered, and when it was safe, the vessel would return and raise the contraption.

Some smugglers preferred a heavy bag of shingle attached to a long rope. Halfway up, the barrels were fastened, wrapped in sacking. At the top end of the rope was a bladder with feathers stuck in it to make it appear to be the carcase of a large seabird.

False Bows and Double Bulkheads

Very clever building of the vessels used in smuggling was evolved for purposes of concealment. False bows, double bulkheads, false platforms on each side of the keelson were some of the devices. An artful skipper of a French boat used to bring plaster figures stuffed with all sorts of dutiable goods; another ingenious fellow caused his cargo of tobacco to be made into strands and woven into a rope. With a three-strand hawser laid over the tobacco rope, no one could imagine the pile of rope to be other than what it appeared. At one time in Flushing, tobacco in rope form was openly sold in the shops.

Frequently the casks consigned to the care of the sea failed to reappear, and became buried in sand on the shore. Some ingenious fellow thought of a means of locating them by training his dogs as puppies to like the taste and smell of brandy. He used to take them down to likely places on the shore, and they quickly smelt and unearthed the hidden store. But the Excise men found this out, and the dogs paid the penalty.

"Putting in the collar" was the phrase used to indicate that casks had been dropped into the sea.

"Moonshine," the word used in the United States of America to connote illicit spirits, was, oddly enough, the word used by the smugglers in the days of which we are speaking for their spirits!

The Ghostly Drummer

Witches and ghosts were called upon to help to elude the vigilance of the preventive men. As far away as Stromness, a witch, Bessie Millie, exercised her spells upon the crew of a cutter (*Continued on page 34*)

Drawings by Rowland Hilder

BESSIE, THE WOMAN PIRATE, ASSERTS HERSELF: This Bessie Catchpole succeeded her husband into the business of running contraband goods. When she first dressed as a man one of the crew laughed, with the result seen above

WHEN WOMEN WENT
Jerkined and Spurred
. . . in the days of "Eliza and our James"

Drawings by A. Davis

WOMEN aping men's dress is a phenomenon which appears to recur with special vehemence from time to time. After a period of quiescence, the new exhibitions of assumed masculinity appear as something very novel, but the inward urge is really very old.

• • •

One interesting period when women burst forth into men's dress was just when the late Elizabethan days were merging into the early Jacobean. Violet Wilson, in an interesting chapter of her entertaining *Society Women of Shakespeare's Time*, tells us that women of this period had taken unto themselves the coveted privilege of feathers in their hats, and once let the men evolve a new fashion, before it was out of the tailor's hands the ladies would have copied it. Next they took to cropping their hair, bought men's beaver hats, wore daggers on their hips, and, finding that farthingales greatly interfered with field sports, rode booted and breeched, when careering across country after horse and hound. It was too much: and an outcry arose that women were a "mankind generation" and wanted to "wear the breeches."

• • •

John Chamberlain, the entertaining letter writer and recorder of Jacobean social life, has this interesting reference to an attempt to curb the ebullience of women at this period:—

"Yesterday the bishop of London called together all his clergie about this time, and told them he had expresse commandment from the King to will them to inveigh vehemently against the insolencie of our women, and theyre wearing brode brimmed hats, pointed dublets, theyre haire cut short and shorne, and some of them stilettoes or poinards and such other trinkets of like moment; adding with all that if the pulpit admonitions will not reforme them he would proceed by another course; the truth is the world is very much out of order, but whether this will mend it God knows." Indeed fathers and husbands found it as difficult then as it is today to control the clothing of their wives and daughters. They could but wait until the novelty of the whim had passed.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

(From a newly identified portrait now in Paris)

MARY STUART AS THE WIDOW OF KING FRANCIS II OF FRANCE

This portrait of Mary Queen of Scots has recently been on exhibition in Paris. It was at first thought to represent Elizabeth of Austria, widow of Charles IX. Both queens were about the same age. The costume indicates a period of about 1560. The portrait does not appear to have been reproduced hitherto in any English publication

THE LAST JOURNEY *of* MARY QUEEN *of* SCOTS

ONE summer Sunday night in the fateful year of 1587 the country folk who lived in the villages along the road from Peterborough to Fotheringay must have been startled from their sleep by the sound of clattering horsemen. When they looked from their windows they saw something very unusual—a body of nearly fifty men on horseback were escorting a royal funeral coach, covered with black velvet, and drawn by four horses. The cavalcade trotted on, through village after village, till it drew up outside the castle of Fotheringay. It was now ten o'clock at night, torches had to be lit, and in their light the double-moated castle could be seen, within whose great hall, nearly six months before, the queen, whose beauty had been the theme of poets, Mary Queen of Scots, had been beheaded.

* * *

Queen Mary of Scots in her later years, from the portrait hanging in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery

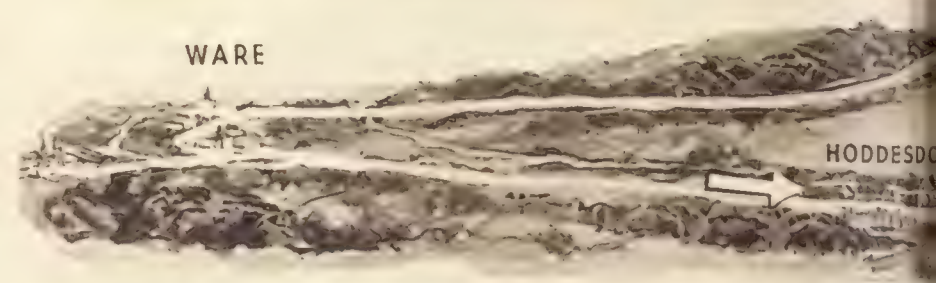
Since the day of execution—February 8th—the body of the hapless Queen had remained without any form of burial. Her devoted attendants had not been allowed to perform the last offices for their beloved Queen, though she had specially requested it. Everything that had been worn by the victim of the grim drama in Fotheringay Hall, which had been splashed with her blood, was burnt in the open fire burning in the hall, or washed to remove all stains. The executioners were not allowed the garments as their usual perquisites, but were dismissed with a money fee, so that there could be no relics of that dread morning. The body was carried to an adjoining room by the Sheriff and his men, and was then embalmed by a physician, brought from Stamford, and enclosed in a leaden coffin. That stern Puritan, Sir Amyas Paulet, who had been the Queen's last gaoler, closed up the keyhole of the room in which the coffin lay, because the Scottish ladies used to pray outside the door and peep through the keyhole to see the last of their royal mistress. All Queen Mary's attendants were kept in close confinement within the castle walls, though no charge was brought against them. It was feared that if they returned to their homes they might further inflame the indignation which was felt by all Europe, and Scotland in particular, at the execution of the Queen, who had trusted to the promise given to her by her sister-queen, of a safe asylum in England. Elizabeth had interpreted her promise by a close imprisonment of nineteen years.

* * *

The six months which followed the execution had been difficult ones for Queen Elizabeth, who had spent them in apologies and explanations, sent by her ambassadors to all the courts of Europe. To King James of Scotland, the son of Mary Queen of Scots, she sent message after message, trying to clear herself of blame for "the miserable accident," as she described the beheading of his mother. It was all the fault of her secretary, Davidson, who had had no real authority, so she said, to carry out the sentence of death, to which she had affixed her royal signature. If James had given the signal Scotland would have risen in arms, but he knew too well that his country was not strong enough to fight England and, besides, there was the thought of his ultimate succession to the English throne, which might be endangered. Lord Burghley reminded him in a calm dispassionate manner that his mother would naturally have died before him, that he was safer on his throne of Scotland, and in his expectations of England than if his mother had been still alive. The Scottish nobles kept the Borders in a state of warfare for many months, with constant forays into the Northern counties, but no real Scottish army was raised to avenge the death of their Queen. At last Queen Elizabeth made up her mind—decisions were always difficult for her—and ordered a State funeral for the woman whose death she had decreed as a traitor and whom she had professed to believe was privy to the murder of her husband, Darnley. Orders were issued to the heralds to make all preparations, certain nobles and their ladies given instructions to be present, and yards of black cloth issued for the necessary mourning. All being in readiness at Peterborough, the funeral cortège had set forth from the city on the quiet Sunday evening of July 30th and had arrived at the castle of Fotheringay.

* * *

The coffin was brought down from the room where it had remained for so long, carried across the drawbridge over the moat, and laid reverently upon the coach. The heralds, at its appearance, had put on their gorgeous tabard coats, and, bareheaded, had superintended the ceremony, and then all mounting their horses sat forth on the return journey. With them went six gentlemen of the Household of the late Queen of Scots—Sir Andrew Melville, the Master of her Household, much beloved by her, and faithful to the end to whom she had said on her way to her execution:



The route to London lay by way of Huntingdon to Clerkenwell, where the cortège arrived at night, and the bell at St. Margaret's, Westminster, was tolled as the body was borne into Westminster Abbey

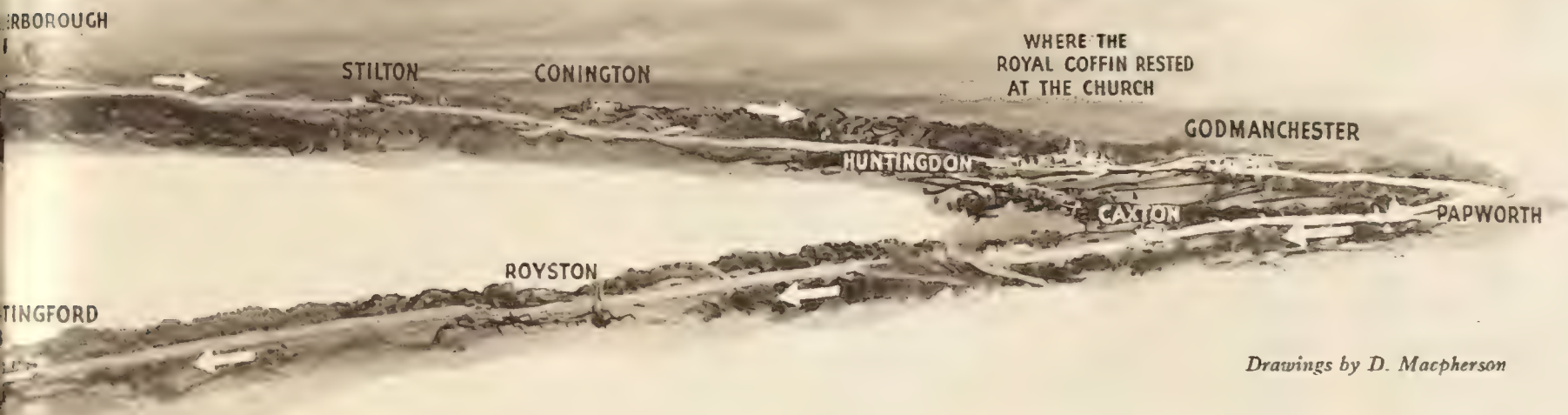
"To-day, good Melville, thou seest the end of Mary Stuart's miseries, that should rejoice thee," and after embracing him, who had remained on his knees, "Adieu good Melville, till we meet in the next world." The Queen's three medical attendants, Bourgoing, her physician, Gourion, her surgeon, and Gervais, the apothecary, also accompanied Melville. Their thoughts must have been strange, after their long confinement, to be out in the summer night, trotting slowly, keeping up with the slow progress of the heavy coach, going with difficulty over the rough country roads, bearing the body of their Queen, now at last treated with becoming dignity, covered with black velvet richly set with the royal arms of Scotland, and little pennons waving all round the coach. The torches burned all the way to Peterborough, a matter of a little over ten miles, through the villages of Elton, Chesterton, Alwalton, Orton Waterville, and Orton Longueville, till the procession drew up in front of the cathedral church at Peterborough at two o'clock in the morning of Monday, July 31st.

* * *

Awaiting the cortège was a small assembly of church dignitaries—the Bishop of Peterborough, Richard Howland, and the Dean and Chapter. The Dean, Richard Fletcher, had officiated at the execution, exhorting the condemned Queen to repent of "her crimes" and praying lengthily about her "blindness and ignorance," calling out loudly, when the once lovely head was lifted up, "So perish all the Queen's enemies." The irony of waiting in the darkness of a summer night to receive the body with all honour and reverence must have struck the Dean. His handsome presence, powers of oratory, and courtly manners had brought him success with Queen Elizabeth, but later on earned her anger by marrying a second time, his choice being a widow—a double fault in the eyes of the Virgin Queen. The heavy coffin was carried with all reverence to a vault in the south aisle of the *(Continued on page 20)*

How the body of the Tragic Queen was borne from Fotheringay to Peterborough and thence to London, told in detail for the first time

The arrival by night at Peterborough, where the Dean and his clergy received the body, now royally coffined, at the hands of the assembled heralds



Drawings by D. Macpherson

THE LAST JOURNEY OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

(*Continued from page 19*)

choir, and there deposited. It was too heavy to be carried in the solemn service which was to take place on the following day.

That same Monday afternoon the mourners arrived in Peterborough, the most notable of the nobility, who had obeyed the command of the Queen to attend the funeral—a costly affair if one can judge from the letter to the Earl of Rutland from his agent: "It is resolved that you and my lady must be at the funeral of the Scottish Queen at Peterborough on the last of this month, as the ceremony is on the first of August. I have sent you 20 yards of black for yourself and as much for my lady, 20 yards for the three gentlewomen, 9 yards for three gentlemen, and 24 yards for sixteen yeomen . . . The comb, brushes and setting sticks shall be sent to my lady as soon as they are ready." The Chief Mourner, the Countess of Bedford, lodged in the Bishop's Palace which adjoined the Cathedral. She was one of the noblest matrons of England, was highly thought of by the Queen, and had an unspotted reputation. Now, at the age of sixty-two, she was to take part in an historic ceremony, after which she lived in honourable retirement till her death in 1600. Her sweet face can be seen on the recumbent alabaster effigy on her splendid altar tomb in Chenies Chapel.

* * *

On Tuesday morning the Heralds assembled the mourners in the hall of the Bishop's palace, and, forming them in order, started the stately procession headed by a hundred poor women in black gowns. The great banners of England and Scotland were carried by their standard bearers, and all the insignia proceeded in solemn order before the effigy of the body, which was borne in upon a pall of velvet bearing the Royal arms. The canopy was held by four knights, followed by Garter, King at Arms, preceding the Countess of Bedford, whose train was borne by Lady St. John of Basing, one of whose sons was to gain honourable distinction for the holding of Basing House for Charles I against the forces of the Parliament. The whole of the nave of the cathedral was hung with black cloth, while the arms of Scotland, and Mary herself, hung on the massive Norman columns.

* * *

Among the ladies who followed the chief mourner were the devoted Scottish gentlewomen who had stayed so courageously with Queen Mary. They had refused the offer of fresh black cloth and new millinery, saying they preferred to keep the mourning they had long been wearing. They were noticeable in their black taffeta headdresses, with white lawn hanging behind like French hoods. When the sermon began they all left the church, being Catholics, and so could not admire the diplomatic way in which the Bishop of Lincoln managed his far from easy task. He ended by quoting Luther's saying, "Many a one liveth a Papist, and dieth a Protestant. I have been informed that she took her death patiently and recommended herself wholly to Jesus Christ."

When the long ceremony was over, the Heralds formed the procession again and they all went out in the same order in which they came. The Scottish ladies were seen standing near the door, and as they passed them the English ladies were so touched by their sadness that they kissed them all. A great dinner was served in the Bishop's Palace, to which the Scottish household was invited, but they all refused, saying: "their hearts were too sad to feast, and they preferred being by themselves, as they could not refrain their tears from falling." After the banquet, the nobility departed, all going to their several homes, but the unfortunate Scottish household of the Queen, to whom so much belated honour had been done, were taken back to Fotheringay Castle, there to remain in custody, till King James was persuaded by their relatives to demand their freedom three months later.

It is not known what Queen Elizabeth thought about the great funeral she had ordered for her one-time rival, to which she had bidden the most distinguished of her kingdom, but perhaps as she looked through the accounts of the Heralds, her conscience felt easier. Her action might be taken as a tacit acknowledgment of Mary's innocence, satisfactory to Scottish sentiment, without any public withdrawal on her own part. Surely she could not have asked so honourable a lady as the Countess of Bedford to be chief mourner of a murderess, as Knox and his following had so long acclaimed the unfortunate Mary.

* * *

Years went by; Queen Elizabeth died, and King James of Scotland, at last, as she lay dying, named by her as her successor, mounted the throne of England, and was welcomed cordially by his new subjects. He, as in duty bound, arranged for a handsome monument to be raised in memory of the great queen, whose place he occupied, to be placed over her burial-place in the north aisle of Henry VII's chapel in Westminster Abbey. At the same time, he ordered another, and even more splendid tomb, to be erected in the opposite aisle of the same chapel, which was to honour his mother, the mother from whom he had been parted when an infant of a few months old. Writing from Hampton Court on September 28th, 1612, King James addressed a letter to the Dean and Chapter of Peterborough, and gave it into the charge of the Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, to deliver by hand. The Bishop, "our trusty and well-beloved servant" as the King described him in the letter, had risen from poor circumstances. He had been educated at Westminster School and sent to St. John's College at Cambridge with a recommendation from Dean Goodman as "a poor fatherless boy of good hope to be learned"—and while at Cambridge had been maintained by the kindness of Lady Burghley, the wife of the Lord Treasurer, whose chaplain he subsequently became. He had come before the notice of Elizabeth and had gained rapid promotion, owing his preferment to his general capacity, rather than his scholarship. He was a good administrator, having much common sense, and withal a sense of humour making him good company. His merry talk pleased King James, who continued to advance him in the Church. It was to this man, Richard Neile, Bishop of Lichfield, that King James entrusted the delicate mission to Peterborough, relying upon his capacity to carry it out successfully.

* * *

Neile set out from London on October 1st, and on reaching Peterborough presented the royal letter to the Lord Bishop of Peterborough, Thomas Dove, and one of the Prebends, Henry Williamson. The contents of the letter were important. It was no less than an order for the removal of the body of Mary, Queen of Scots, from the cathedral in which it had been interred with so much ceremony twenty-five years before. The King explained fully his reasons in the letter which is still extant, stating "we think it appertains to the duty we owe to our dearest mother, that like honour should be done to her body, and like monument be extant of her, as others, hers and our progenitors, have been used to be done; and ourselves have already performed, to our dear sister, the late Queen Elizabeth; we have commanded a memorial of her, to be made in our Church of Westminster, the place where the Kings and Queens of this realm are usually interred; and for that we think it inconvenient, that the monument and her body, should be in several places, we have ordered that her said body, remaining now interred in that our cathedral church of Peterborough, shall be removed to Westminster, to her said monument."

The King went on to say that he required the authorities "to deliver the corps of our said dearest mother" to the charge (*Continued on page 32*)

IN THE PARIS SHOP:

A scene from Sterne's "Sentimental Journey"

"Monsieur is so good," quoth she, "as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse." The husband took off his hat, and, making me a bow, said I did him too much honour

From the painting by W. P. Frith, R.A., in the Jones Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum

A DISCUSSION IN BARRACKS

From the painting by J. F. de Troy

Jean Francois de Troy was an artist of the earlier half of the eighteenth century. As a painter he was a brilliant technician, and as a man led a not uneventful life—he was distinctly adventurous in amatory matters. The above picture is an interesting example of his work—it came up for sale at Messrs. Christies in the earlier part of the year, and it is now in the possession of Mr. S. Harcourt-Smith by whose kind permission it is now reproduced in part, for the group of the two officers here shown is so entertaining that we have reproduced this portion of the picture rather than the whole composition. The officers are smoking from very long-stemmed pipes and taking wine in a corner of the yard of a French military barracks in the eighteenth century. They wear handsomely cut coats with wide spreading skirts and cuffs. Several other examples of de Troy's works are in existence. Sir Philip Sassoon has a conversation piece by him. The Victoria and Albert Museum has one, and the Wallace Collection a couple. "Le Dejeuner d'huitres" at Chantilly is supposed to be his chief work. De Troy also designed Gobelin tapestries, and was Director of the Academy of France, in Rome, where he lived during the greater years of his life. Always inclined to the sentimental he began a liaison with a Roman lady at the age of 72. Shortly after the beginning of this escapade he was recalled to Paris. Distress at having to leave his loved one, coupled with the catching of a cold at a theatre, are said to have brought about his death the day before he was due to leave for Paris. This was in January, 1752

WHEN SOCRATES

Forty years ago, Mr. D. S. MacColl wrote
time since the Lady banished Comus.
shyness is the mark of our manners. To
grace and dignity with their mirth, we must
dead housekeeper those brittle relics of tho
broken, but the laughter and the poetry
is another matter. It must suffice to say tha
charm us equally to-day, and for the delecta
of these brittle relics of the world's jolly

The artist imagines as his main theme, following
Athens at which Socrates dined and at which
utterances Mr. F. A. Wright makes the following
must be remembered that Socrates' opinions
represent exactly the opposite. Socrates had
Bradlaugh had on the typical Victorian and Mr.
plain words, he was considered to be a mixture
he was finally put to death because of his opin
the way of religious and social toleration."
wives would be at home, awaiting their lords,

Socrates comes to the dinner party in this way. Callias has brought the beautiful young Autolycus to the horse-race festival in Athens. After the event, Callias and his friends are setting out for his house in the Piræus for dinner. But he pauses on seeing Socrates with some friends and thinks he ought to ask the philosopher to dinner.

"Well, I have met you at the right time! I am just going to entertain Autolycus and his father to dinner, and the splendour of the feast, methinks, will be much enhanced if my dining-room be graced by men of pure minds like yourselves rather than by generals and cavalry officers and petitioners."

To that Socrates replies: "You are always making mock of us, Callias, and regarding us with scorn. You have given large sums for wisdom's sake to Protagoras and Gorgias and Prodicus and many others, while you see that we dig and delve for ourselves in the field of knowledge."

Callias repeats his invitation and Socrates and his friends think that after all they ought to go.

Before dinner some take gymnastic exercise, others anoint themselves, and others have a bath: at the banquet itself, Autolycus sits on a chair by his father's side; the rest recline on couches.

The meal is at first taken in silence, for host and guests are so lost in contemplation of the beauty and grace of Autolycus, seated on a chair, that they can think of nothing to say, but in a little while there is a knocking at the door, and Philip the Jester bids the porter to announce him and explain the reason of his visit, "I have come," he says, "provided with everything necessary to dine at someone else's

DINED:

The Greek Vase People Come to Life for a Few Brief Hours

in a monumental work on Greek Vase Painting: "In our land it is now some Romance and Revel are not received notes in our religion, and a kind of haughty find the image of a people less ashamed of life, and who could yet marry burrow in Greek graves, and it is a pious kind of sacrilege to steal from the jolly prime of the world. The wine and the oil are dry, and the cup is often still flicker on its sides." What Mr. MacColl would write of our manners to-day these beautiful red and black vases, the period of their zenith, 570 to 470 B.C., tion of our readers, an artist of THE SPHERE, *H. Hookway Cowles, has taken some prime and has made the men and maidens come to life again for a brief hour or so.*

Xenophon, that the figures take part in a dinner party in he gave forth his opinions on life. Concerning these Socratean interesting point in his "Greek Social Life" (Dent): "It do not represent the opinions of the average Athenian: they much the same effect on his own countrymen as Mr. Lenin has on the typical Georgian of our own time: in of fool and knave, the latter element predominating. That ions is a blot on the otherwise good record of Athens in Any women present at the banquet are entertainers. The like the couple in the forefront of the right hand grouping.

table: my servant's shoulders, too, are very sore, for he has had nothing to carry—not even a breakfast." To that Callias replies: "'Twere a shame, friends, to grudge the man houseroom. Bring him in."

So the jester comes in, and standing at the door of the dining-hall, where the table is spread, addresses the company: "You are all aware that I am a professional jester. I have come here, then, on purpose: for I think it is a finer jest to arrive unbidden at a party than to have accepted a formal invitation."

The tables are removed, the drink-offering poured, and the hymn of thanksgiving sung, and then the party is enlivened by the appearance of a Syracusan with his three assistants: the first, a flute-player; the next, a dancing-girl trained to do the most marvellous tricks; the third, a very handsome youth, who can both play the harp and dance in a very graceful fashion.

The girl plays upon the flute and the boy upon the harp, and both seem to delight the company greatly, so that Socrates remarks: "Really, Callias, you are a perfect host. Not merely have you served us to a dinner beyond reproach, but you provide us also with a most delightful spectacle of music."

REFERENCES : From the water-colour drawing by Charles E. Brock, exhibited at the R.I., 1936

In this Podsnappian interlude—it might have been taken from some novel by Dickens or possibly by Thackeray—the artist gives us a delicious moment. The demure applicant for the situation—mamma, lorgnetted, reads the letters of reference—the son scrutinizes with interest what he can see of the applicant's profile—papa, whether in this world or the next, gazes down upon the scene. The setting is complete

★ "BETWEEN GENTLEMEN" ★

By OWEN FELLOWES

FROM the crown of his black felt, worn with just a suggestion of careless rakishness, to the toes of the immaculately boned brown shoes the tall middle-aged man spelled "Service." The grey broken checked suit that sat on him like the silk on the sveltely groomed leg of a chorus girl, said Savile Row. His tie told those who could read the mysteries of such things that the wearer had at one time walked the centuries-worn pavements of the most noble of England's schools. His face, richly browned, lean and tightly drawn, spoke of long years spent in the company of horses.

All this the young suave assistant, polished to such a degree that the same polish was only equalled by those stones of vertu that sat demurely cushioned in the velvet nests of his master's, Mr. Barter's, Bond Street caravanserai. All this the young man took in with the lightning passage of a glance.

"Cigarette cases? Certainly, sir. Certainly." His raised eyebrows and the slight deprecating smile were meant to indicate to his client (never breathe the vulgar word customer within these sacred portals) that as a preliminary to the ensuing transaction the sordid question of cost was one that must unfortunately obtrude itself. Such a bore! The smile, however, said that his client would understand. Between Gentlemen——!

"Oh, something in the region of a pony or 30 pounds. I want to make a present. It's a man's case I want, but I suppose there's precious little difference between the sex of a cigarette case nowadays."

"Tee-hee," sang the young man and there was just that shade of inflection in his snigger that gave to his client the honour of making this original discovery. It was strange, however, but the young man had been on the point of suggesting just the very case, a lovely thing in gold, with just the faintest insinuation of platinum at its corners, moulded like the breasts of Rodin's dancer. He fondled and caressed it with the veneration and respect that could only have been rivalled by a Cellini brass in the hands of a worshipper at the shrine of that master.

"No? Ah well, perhaps that wasn't quite the case. Not just quite."

"This is more the sort of thing." Mr. Barter's client removed his eyeglass, polished it casually and returned it to that place appointed either by the vagaries of fashion or stern necessity and scrutinised the case he held in his hand with just that air of boredom that Mr. Barter's young man recognised for interest.

This was his opportunity. This was his cue. Over its design he breathed a lyric and over its delicate workmanship he sang a hymn of praise. A truly artistic piece. One might be excused for saying very definitely an exquisite piece, an example of the goldsmiths' craft that unhappily was so seldom seen in these days of hurried workmanship, standard design——

"What's the price?"

Again this question of sordid finance. The young man did not actually shiver, but his smile was even more deprecatory. This business of filthy lucre, necessary of course in trading but so——

"Just a leetle more expensive, I'm afraid. Fifty guineas." His whisper was strictly confidential.

"H'm. A little more than I wanted to pay. But it's the sort of thing I want. You'll take a cheque." His cheque book was out of his pocket and lay on the velvet square in front of him, like some battered nondescript cat amongst a sultan's treasures.

The young man seemed in two minds as to whether or not he should shoo it off. Instead he looked at the clock in front of him. The hour of four o'clock had just struck. His face lost none of its servile humility, but there had appeared a pained look in those eyes, which swung from clock to client, from client to clock and from clock to case and finally from case to that . . . that . . . that shopkeeper's nightmare over which the stylo was already poised. He drew in his breath sharply and sighed.

"Your name, sir. I don't seem to remember——"

"Captain Geoffrey Fairfax. You wouldn't remember me. It's years since I've bought anything here. But," the eyeglass challenged, "I can assure you it's perfectly all right. I most particularly want the case to-night. I'm staying at the Travenner. You can get me there." Captain Fairfax smiled.

The young man's shrug told Captain Fairfax that such a course was quite unnecessary, unthinkable—after all, between gentlemen! The smile told him that Mr. Barter's shop and all its contents, nay, the very life and the immortal soul of Mr. Barter's assistant, were at the absolute disposal of Captain Fairfax. But there was just a slight formality. Would Captain Fairfax excuse Mr. Barter's minion for just one moment. Captain Fairfax would, and Mr. Barter's acolyte floated away across the Aubusson in the direction of an unobtrusive gentleman in the corner, whom Captain Fairfax had mistaken for at least an ambassador or at any rate some high official of court bent on some errand of princes. Their voices merged. They disappeared through the mahogany of the wall; and as though by magic another of Mr. Barter's young men materialised in his master's salon, causing a wry smile to disturb the rigid gravity of that gallant officer's face. He too sighed. A mistrustful world . . . .

* * *

"Yes, this was the manager of the Travenner speaking. What was that—Barters? Oh yes . . . Captain Fairfax . . . Captain Geoffrey Fairfax. Good Lord, have a heart, man, the Travenner wasn't a Kensington boarding house; he had nearly 500 guests under his roof at that moment. How could he know every one of 'em? . . . Hold on, though, he'd find out . . . Hullo. Yes, they had a Captain Fairfax staying. Remembered the fellow. Racing fellow, he thought. What was that? How on earth could he say? He should think it was all right. The man had an expensive enough apartment, seemed to spend his money freely enough. But these damned cheques, they were the devil. But what was one to do these days? You stood to be shot at from every point. If you refused you more likely than not lost their custom, and if you fell for them you as likely as not fell down too. So you lost both ways. But he supposed it would be all right . . . How much? . . . Fifty guineas . . . Huh . . . Well, that's all he could say. The fellow was certainly one of his guests, but it wasn't his case. Ha, Ha! Sorry he couldn't say more. But, after all, he was staying at the Travenner, and the Travenner wasn't everyone's pub."

* * *

Captain Fairfax walked beneath the Corinthian columns that split the Greek façade of the Travenner into the Egyptian market place that was its lounge. The noblemen disguised as hall porters touched their eyebrows to his passing, as did the other nobleman disguised as a Georgian buck who reigned in ye olde cloak-room. The infant Bacchus in puce-coloured Eton jacket flicked away the film of London's grey dust that had trespassed on the immaculacy of the Captain's shoes, the princess-in-waiting at the second Empire bureau would most certainly have the Captain's account prepared for him at once. He was leaving that night. How sad, she automatically conjured up the picture of the mother telling her first-born a last farewell, or the maid sending her lover to the wars.

The ex-ambassador, who had accepted the portfolio of wine waiter, showed the true diplomatic sense of everyday values when, by his own volition, he presented himself at the Captain's elbow, a suppliant to that gallant gentleman's comments . . . .

"Just for argument's sake, let's s'pose yo're broke"

Mr. Mangetti, the lord of the Travenner, discreetly disguised as its manager, was hovering in the region of the bureau when Captain Fairfax handed in his cheque to the princess behind the mahogany half an hour later.

"Not leaving us, sir?" his eye swivelled to the bill . . . Captain Geoffrey Fairfax . . . and then to the piece of pink paper resting negligently on the polished surface of the desk . . . Geoffrey Fairfax. Not a muscle of his face moved, though his memory kicked his senses to a keener alertness, nor did his smile vanish when his guest turned to him and handed his open cigarette case.

"Yes, unfortunately I've got business out of Town."

"I'll bet you have," thought Mr. Mangetti. But he didn't say this. He thanked the Captain and told him what a charming case it was. "Quite charming. Very distingué."

"Think so?" replied Captain Fairfax with a smile. "I don't like it myself." He paused and, turning the case over in his hands, said suddenly, "As a matter of fact, I'd like to get rid of it. Cost me fifty-odd—one of Barter's of Bond Street. I'd sell it for ten."

"You'd sell it for what, sir?" It must have been the first time during the young princess's reign over her small kingdom that she had noticed her emperor so disturbed. But he was disturbed. Obviously. Definitely. His eyes were goggling at this nice military gent in such a funny way.

"I'll sell it for a tenner, I said. Care to buy?"

"Oh, no, sir. No, thank you, all the same—Te-hee, Te-hee." The poise was there again, even if the eye did seem to be looking down the side of the nose. "But it's a nice-looking case. Sorry you're leaving us. Hoping you've enjoyed your stay."

"Oh, rather. Nice pub—sorry the case doesn't interest you." The Captain laughed softly as he made a languid (*Continued on page* 28)

MADAME SERIZIAT

From the painting by Jacques Louis David

This portrait by the famous French painter David is one of the most attractive of his portraits of women; it hangs in the Louvre. It is difficult when contemplating this engaging sitter, and the picture's happy domestic composition, to realise that the artist entered so whole-heartedly into the revolution, and that in 1792 he became a representative of Paris in the Convention. He went so far as to vote for the death of Louis XVI and was a member of the famous Committee of Public Safety. At the same time he was artistic director of the great national fêtes, but after Robespierre's death he was twice imprisoned, and ran grave risk of losing his life. After his release in 1795, he continued to execute some masterly paintings, and his genius was such that we find him appointed in 1804 Court painter to Napoleon. With the advent of the restored Bourbon regime he was banished in 1816 as a regicide, and died in Brussels in 1825

A KENSINGTON ROOM:
Exhibited at the R.I. Exhibition, 1936

From the water-colour drawing by Frederick Beaumont

"BETWEEN GENTLEMEN"

(*Continued from page 26*)

passage to the golden shell that was the lift.

Mr. Mangetti watched his disappearance into the upper regions with a hostile eye.

"Here you, get me Barter's on the 'phone, Bond Street jewellers. Jump to it." He spat the sentences out in a sharp staccato. The princess jumped.

"Look here, is that Barter's? . . the manager, give me at once."

Mr. Mangetti, unconsciously checked the lapse into his early English. "Is that the manager . . Mr. Barter? Oh! Better still. Mangetti, manager of the Travenner, speaking. Remember that fellow, Captain what's-his-name Fairfax. . . Yes? Well, you'd better come across and see me at once. . What's that? Just closing? Well, make it snappy. Why? I'll tell you why when I see you . . of course there's something wrong."

It may have been an hour later when Captain Geoffrey Fairfax, preceded by an infant Bacchus in a puce Eton jacket carrying a brace of well-travelled suitcases, walked across the Travenner lounge in the direction of the exit to the street. Out of the corner of his eye he observed a tall, broad-shouldered person bearing down upon him from the direction of the bureau, whom nothing could disguise. It is impossible to disguise a hotel detective. Hotels don't try to.

"Captain Fairfax?" The voice, though soft and well modulated, was pitched in no uncertain key.

"That's right."

"Would you mind stepping this way a moment, Captain . . . The manager would like a word with you."

"But what about? I'm just off and in a devilish hurry."

"I'm sorry, the manager didn't take me into his confidence." The man's face was cynically bland. "Your bags will be all right with the hall porter." He waved the cherub in charge of them away in that direction. "You don't mind, sir? This way, please."

"But look here. . . ."

"Come along—Captain." The voice held just a faint suggestion of menace.

Captain Fairfax shrugged and followed his guide into the primly formal room that was the manager's office. He told himself it was like stepping out of the Arabian Nights into an American dentist's waiting room, all chromium and modernity. At the moment it was occupied by three people, Mr. Mangetti, a gentleman who obviously was of the fraternity of the Captain's escort and the distinguished but embarrassed Mr. Barter.

Captain Fairfax affected some surprise at the presence of these silent witnesses to his entrance. He bowed in the direction of Mr. Barter, but if he was embarrassed his demeanour did not show it. In fact a close scrutiniser might have observed an almost imperceptible smile twisting the corners of his mouth.

"Take a seat, Captain Fairfax." The voice was Mr. Mangetti's. But no longer was the voice the soft, honeyed music of the diplomat. No longer was Mr. Mangetti the self-effacing servant, the epitome of efficient comfort, the fulcrum of satellitic slavery, no longer the suave, self-effacing savant of service. Mr. Mangetti spoke as the master of his present moment. He launched his attack without preamble.

"We won't beat about the bush . . Captain," his tongue curled round that much maligned title of rank. "It's about this cheque of yours." He held up the cheque signed by Captain Fairfax in payment of his hotel bill an hour ago. "And this too," Mr. Barter held up that given in payment of the cigarette case.

"Yes? What about them?"

"We've every reason to believe they're stumers."

"Indeed? And what makes you think that?"

"A number of things. . Captain."

"Well, I can assure you they're most certainly not, and I'd like to know just what you're getting at."

"You'll learn what we are getting at presently. First of all let's get down to one or two facts. When you arrived here you registered as having come from The Old Hall, Chipping Hungerford."

Captain Fairfax shrugged bored shoulders.

"A high falutin' address, but it covers the identity of a rest house for derelicts, doesn't it, a sort of uplift mission place, isn't it?"

"A most worthy institution, old baronial hall, glorious grounds, every possible comfort, an atmosphere of unalloyed peace. . . ."

"Cut that out, Captain," broke in Mr. Mangetti. "It's a charity show, isn't it?"

Captain Fairfax bowed.

Mr. Mangetti drew in his breath in a sharp hiss. "And you calmly walk in from that dump into the Travenner!"

"Why not?" asked Captain Fairfax.

Mr. Mangetti shook a trembling forefinger at him. "You'll see why not in a minute." He paused, and went on, "You bought a case from Mr. Barter here this afternoon, didn't you?"

"Why, yes."

"Paid him by cheque, didn't you?"

"I did."

"Fifty pounds."

"Guineas."

"Well, guineas. Have you got it on you?"

"Of course I have." Captain Fairfax withdrew the cigarette case from his waistcoat pocket. "Bulges a little too (*Continued on page 38*)

BLACK MONDAY
OR THE DEPARTURE FOR SCHOOL

From the coloured mezzotint by John Jones after the painting by W. R. Bigg, R.A.

DULCE DOMUM
OR THE RETURN FROM SCHOOL

From the coloured mezzotint by J. Jones after the painting by W. R. Bigg, R.A. John Jones engraved a number of plates after Romney and Reynolds. This particular pair of plates was published in 1790

MOTHER AND CHILDREN DOING WELL

The HARMLESS DOMESTIC CAT

A GLASS FULL OF MISCHIEF

INQUISITIVE

A study of silver tabbies

DOGS OF SPIRIT

TWINS — *A Christmas morning study*

¶ *This page is dedicated to those willing to risk giving "their hearts to a dog to tear." The lines given on the right are taken from Elizabeth Barrett-Browning's poem, "To Flush, my dog." This famous little animal with the silken ears, given to the poetess by her friend, Miss Mitford, safely escaped the terrors of the Barrett family*

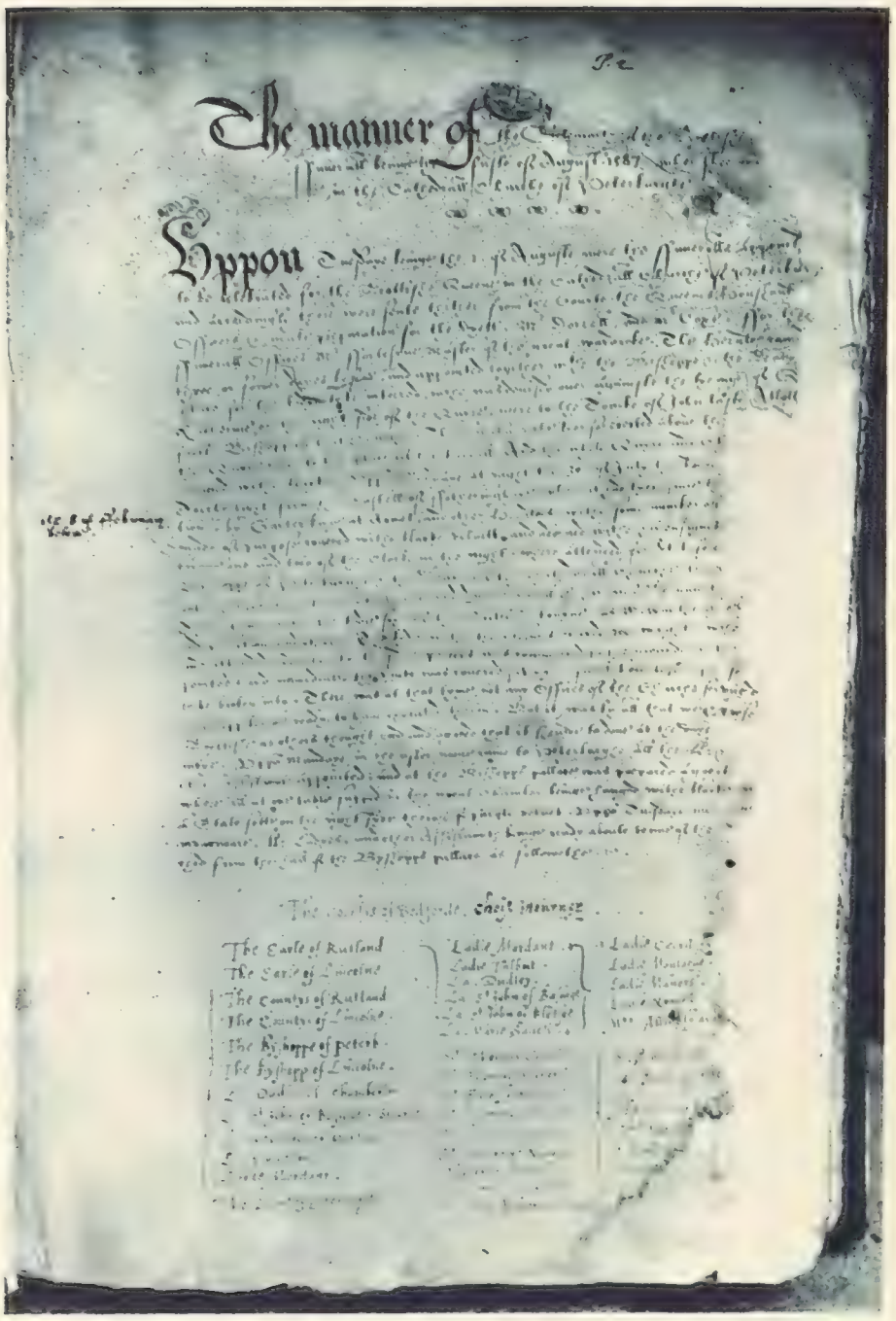
BOX OF MISCHIEF — *A study of a bright little Peke*

Blessings on thee, dog of mine,
Pretty collars make thee fine,
Sugared milk make fat thee!
Pleasures wag on in thy tail,
Hands of gentle motion fail
Nevermore, to pat thee!

WISECRACK — *A great fellow with the pipe*

A GOOD FELLOW — *Study of a Champion Sealyham*

With eye upraised, his master's looks to scan
The only creature faithful to the end.—Crabbe



"The Manner of the Solemnity of the Funeral of Mary Queen of Scots" is recorded in Fletcher's Ledger, a volume preserved in the Chapter Clerk's Office at Peterborough. The page bearing the list of mourners, given here, was specially photographed for this narrative. It is much worn on one side

of the Bishop of Lichfield, the body "being taken up, in as decent and respectful a manner, as is fitting." He also required them to hand over the rich pall of velvet, which he had sent soon after coming to London in 1603, to cover the hearse which stood over the grave, as it would be necessary to cover the body—but he was prepared to pay them "a reasonable redemption" for what might be, he agreed "deemed as a fee, that should belong to the Church." What the Bishop and Chapter thought as they perused the royal letter is not recorded.

* * *

In spite of searchings among cathedral and State records no direct account has yet come to light of the manner in which the Queen's body was conveyed to London. Nothing similar to the full accounts of the journey from Fotheringay to Peterborough seems to exist. Unfortunately the registers of the see of Lichfield covering this period have been lost; so that there is no record of the Bishop's activities. One can only surmise that the body of Mary, Queen of Scots, was carried on a hearse, resembling the previous one, and that there must have been some kind of escort, as it was scarcely likely that Bishop Neile would be unaccompanied on so important a mission.

The road over which the hearse travelled must have been the old Post Road from London to York and Berwick-on-Tweed, the same which King James had traversed on his first triumphal journey south to London. This was the old Ermin Street. The condition of the roads at that time was so deplorable that progress must have been slow, and we know that the distance of just over 10 miles from Fotheringay to Peterborough had taken four hours. It is said that the heavy waggons of the period drawn by eight horses travelled at the rate of three miles an hour, and seldom did more than fifteen miles on a long summer day. London lay 76 miles away, which with wheeled traffic must have taken four days. The ordinary traveller, of course, went on horseback, and where the roads were impassable owing to mud and ruts, took to the meadows on either side. More than two hundred years later a certain John Metcalf walked from London to Harrogate, reaching it before the carriage

THE LAST JOURNEY OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

(*Continued from page 20*)

of Colonel Liddell, who had posted all the way, and who had offered a seat to Metcalf. The monasteries had maintained the roads during their existence as great landowners, but since the dissolution no one had been in full authority, and the roads had been greatly neglected.

* * *

It seems probable that Bishop Neile set forth on his return to London on October 5th, jogging along the road past Stilton and Sawtry, covering 18 miles by the time they reached the busy country town of Huntingdon. The hearse was halted in the square in the centre of the town, outside the fine perpendicular church of All Saints, then comparatively new. The body was lifted off and carried into the church, where it presumably rested for the night in the chancel, under the painted wooden roof where the beautiful carved angels with outstretched wings above the corbels are still to be seen. In the register of the church there is the laconic entry under October, 1612: "The Queen of Scots corps brought in to this church ye 6 days."

Where the Queen's body rested. The roof of the choir at Huntingdon Parish Church is embellished with angels with outspread wings

* * *

The next morning the Bishop must have set forth again, the body being once more set upon the hearse, which would start its rumbling way, the iron-shod wheels clanking noisily on the cobbled streets. Perhaps Oliver Cromwell, then a boy of thirteen, attending the Grammar School which faced All Saints Church, may have looked on with interest, as he made his way to school, at the velvet-covered hearse. He would doubtless have laughed that day if anyone had predicted that he would in later years be responsible for the violent death of the grandson of the ill-fated Queen.

* * *

Crossing the Ouse by the beautiful stone mediæval bridge, the cortège entered the ancient borough of Godmanchester, which had proudly welcomed Queen Mary's son on his journey to receive the Crown, turning out with "three score and ten teeme of horse all traced," assuring the king that they held these lands by that tenure. And so through the quiet country villages till eighteen miles had been covered, and Royston, a small country town, was reached. Here (*Continued on a later page*)

(Right) A chief mourner at Queen Mary's final translation to Westminster. Bridget Countess of Bedford as she lies in effigy in Chenies Parish Church, Buckinghamshire. Specially photographed for the "Sphere"

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO A
TOYS
ALL FARES, PLEASE
YES, SO DO PLAYER'S
PLAYERS
WHAT'S LIGHTING-UP TIME?
ANY TIME FOR PLAYER'S
I T'INK YOUR Player's Pleece ARE WONDERFUL
I LIKE PLENTY OF SNOW AT CHRISTMAS
I LIKE PLENTY OF PLAYER'S
TOBACCON
NOW THEN, WHY DON'T YOU LOOK FOR MY SIGNS?
SORRY SERGEANT, I WAS LOOKING FOR THE LIFE-BUOY TRADE MARK
'ERE YOU ARE SIR - SMOKING HOT CHESTNUTS
-NO-I'M SMOKING COOL PLAYER'S
NOTHING LIKE PLAYER'S FOR THE PRESENT GRANDAD
AND THE FUTURE ME BOY - AND THE FUTURE
WHO MAKES PLAYER'S PLEASE MUMMY?
FATHER CHRISTMAS - HOW BE A GOOD BOY AND DON'T ASK ANY MORE QUESTIONS
EXPRESS

UNLOADING PACKAGES IN A LITTLE BAY From the painting by W. Anderson, 1828

WILL WATCH'S STRANGE STORY: *How it is Told in Many Forms*

(*Continued from page 15*)

stationed there. It is said that she caused mutiny and sickness to break out among the crew; that she bullied the commander, and kept the inhabitants in a state of constant irritation against him and his men; and finally her house had to be burnt down before she would consent to "lift the spell."

The ghostly drummer of Hurstmonceux Castle was, it does not surprise us, in league with the Hastings smugglers. When it was advisable to keep folk away from the castle or churchyard, he was rubbed with phosphorus from head to foot. He carried a drum, and walked round the ruins and tombs of the churchyard, where the slabs of the tombstones were fitted with a swivel on which they turned to enable the space below to be filled with spirits other than those of the original occupants. This device was practised with great success until 1831, when the coastguard was established and the ghost ceased to walk.

Bessie Catchpole, the Woman Smuggler

Some time after the Napoleonic Wars were ended, one Catchpole, a smuggler, had been killed in a fight with preventive men. Bessie, his wife, took over his activities, and managed his yawl, the *Sally*. She dressed as a man, smoked a pipe, and wore a cutlass. When she first appeared in this rig, and announced herself as the new skipper, one of the crew laughed. She promptly knocked him out with a sound blow on the jaw. For two years she carried out the most successful runs by ingenious devices. On one occasion she hoisted a yellow handkerchief, and sailed straight for the revenue cutter, which was on her way from Dunkirk to Ipswich. The cutter, not relishing the chance of getting the plague on board, went about, and left her a clear passage. Another time she again fell in with a cutter. When night came the wind fell and both ships were becalmed. Bessie waited for darkness, and then got her casks of brandy overboard, tied together with floats and grapplings. At dawn up came the cutter's boat and officers. Bessie welcomed them and invited them to breakfast. They refused, searched the vessel, and, of course, found nothing. Later she returned for her booty, which she safely landed. One of her plans was to have two sets of sails, one white, one buff. When the watchers were looking out for white sails, she would be quietly making for home, decked out in tan.

Another Woman Smuggler

There was also a mysterious woman smuggler named Montmorillon, who had much success, and who intrigued everybody as to her identity. She was probably a woman of breeding, who was bored with her social life, and, like Mary Read and Anne Bonny, preferred a life of adventure to one of fashion. She worked a brig from St. Malo to the Channel Islands. There Cornish luggers picked up the cargo and brought it to England. She was greatly looked up to and respected at St. Malo, where she lived, being most generous and kind to the poor and needy. But during the many years of her successful career as a smuggler, her identity was never disclosed, and no one has discovered who she really was.

WILL WATCH, the Mysterious

Of all the curious tales of the sea and smugglers at this time, perhaps the most odd and elusive is that of Will Watch. The Custom House has a copy of a ballad relating his exploits. A play was written on his adventures somewhere about 1820. A three-volume story entitled "*Will Watch*, from the autobiography of a British officer, by the author of *Cavendish*," was published in 1834. Another book, "*Will Watch*, a tale of the Coast, the narrative founded on fact and characters drawn from life," was published by W. M. Clark. Finally two pictures of fights between a revenue cutter and a smugglers' lugger, specifically mentioned as Will Watch's, appeared a year or two ago in Mr. Walker's Gallery in Bond Street, painted by Tom Butterworth.

The ballad is well known, for it has been found in an American songbook in a slightly different version from that familiar in England. The two stories differ in some respects, but both agree that Will was a man of Kent, and was brought up to smuggling, for he worked as a boy for a giant smuggler known as Billy the Devil, on the north Kentish coast. After many adventures not altogether similar, both books give a graphic account of a terrific sea-fight between a revenue cutter, under the command of Lieutenant Rowcraft, and Will's schooner, in which the revenue craft was destroyed and the crew killed. The curious point is that both authors refer to the naval officer by the same name. Since there are no records either at the Custom House or the Admiralty of that period, 1816–1825, it has been impossible to trace the true story underlying the fiction. The Navy lists of the time have been consulted, but no officer of that name can be traced.

What is very probable is that Will Watch is a composite hero, taken from the real Will Watts, who was a noted smuggler in the neighbourhood of Faversham and Minnis Bay. The story of this man is told in Sir Charles Igglesden's *Saunter Through Kent* (Vol. XXVII), as follows:—

A great fight between one of these gangs (of smugglers) and the revenue men is recorded. Six pack horses stole silently out of Faversham one night and made their way towards Whitstable. Armed men walked with the procession, and suddenly the sound of galloping horses broke the almost silent night. Quick as lightning Will Watts, the famous leader of the smugglers, ordered a sharp turn into the marshes. He knew every yard of those levels, every crossing of the dykes, and in a few seconds the cavalcade had crossed. Along came two Excise-men, and, espying the group of men and pack-horses, made straight for them. But the right spot for crossing was unknown to them, and into the dyke plunged their horses. There was a few minutes' struggle as the smugglers pounced upon the luckless officers, whose heads, according to the story told in an old magazine, were held under water till they were dead. The tragedy ended in a hue and cry for Will Watts; but he escaped by boat, reached Ireland, and there was hanged for smuggling in that country.

The Faversham records have been searched unavailingly for further details of this story. Yet the story somehow bears the stamp of truth. Certain it is, however, that there must have been a famous smuggler, known widely as Will Watch, for his deeds of daring and adventure to have been celebrated in song and story, in play and (*Continued on page 36*)

Drawing by Rowland Hilden

DROPPING THE BARRELS OVERBOARD: When the revenue cutter would get alongside nothing dutiable would be found aboard. A number of devices are described on these pages whereby the casks were sunk or allowed to drift away, being recovered at the next tide

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THE DEATH BOATS OUTROW THE REVENUE CRAFT

(*Continued from page 34*)

FASTER THAN THE RIGGED REVENUE CRAFT: The "Death" boats, as they were called, were manned by about 40 rowers and could produce such a turn of speed that they could outwit the government sailing craft

One morn when the wind from the northwards blew keenly,
While suddenly roared the big waves of the main,
A famed smuggler, Will Watch, kissed his Sue, then serenely
Took helm and to sea boldly steered out again.

Will had promised his Sue that the trip, if well ended,
Should coil up his ropes, and he'd anchor on shore,
When his pockets were lined, why his life should be mended,
The laws he had broken he'd never break more.

His sea boat was trim, made her port, took her lading,
Then Will stood to sea, reached the offing and cried:
"This night, if I've luck, furls the sails of his trading,
In dock I can lay—serve a friend, too, beside."

He lay to till night came on darksome and dreary,
To crowd every sail then he piped up all hands;
But a signal soon spied—'twas a prospect uncheerly.
A signal that warned him to bear from the land.

picture, as we have shown. In them we get an extraordinarily vivid picture of the doings and darings, the loves and hates, the friends and foes, and the life of a smuggler of the good old days.

The three-volume novel based upon his exploits, with the title of "*Will Watch*, from the autobiography of a British officer, by the author of *Cavendish*," published by James Cochrane and Co., in 1834, tells rather a different tale. Will was a man of Kent, and lived as a child at a place called Grey Beach, near a town named Highcliff. He was brought up to smuggling, for he worked as a boy for a giant smuggler of six feet four inches, one Billy the Devil. They seem to have lived and hidden their booty in the chalk caves of the neighbourhood. As a lad, Will Watch was kidnapped and taken on board a slave ship owned by a man named Mackay, bound for the Indies. This ship was run down and sunk, but Will was rescued with his historian, Hamilton, by a vessel of H.M. Navy, under Captain Burgos. He then returned to his old haunts and became a leader of the smugglers in the district. He knew no fear and had many exciting adventures with Excise-men. On one occasion he held up half a battalion of soldiers in his chalk cave fortress somewhere between Faversham and Margate. There was another terrific fight with a revenue cutter under Lieutenant Rowcraft. This vessel Will ran on to the coast of Essex, where he sank her with her crew. He was imprisoned on a charge of attempting to murder the chief Excise Officer of the district, having caught and carried him out to sea, and then flung him overboard. He was tried at Highcliff before the Recorder, Mr. Keswick, and pronounced guilty of murder. A petition for his pardon was sent to the King, signed, indeed, by the jurymen who had sat on his case. His mother, an Amazon of great courage and strength, broke into the prison, leading a crowd of his friends and supporters, and effected his escape. He fled to his cave, described in the book as a veritable Gibraltar, where he for a long time held a state of siege and resisted all efforts of the soldiers to oust him. One of the most effective weapons of the defence put up by Will Watch and his band was the material of the cave itself. Great masses of chalk were loosened and held in readiness and when the soldiers attempted to advance up the steep slope, they were again and again swept back by avalanches of chalk.

At last a compromise was arrived at, whereby ten of the smugglers were to serve in the Navy for seven years, the remaining 85 to be allowed to disperse.

Celebrated in Ballad

Our bold smuggler was, I have noted, commemorated in a poem, a copy of which is preserved at the Customs House. The date of this composition I do not know, it was probably issued about 1820. It is quoted both by Marryat and Chamier, and I have found a version of it in an American songbook. I fear its narrative form would appear out of place in a modern music-hall, but in the days when a song had to be very professional or very sentimental, it was a great favourite.

"The Philistines are out," cries Will, "but we'll take no heed on 't,
Attackt who's the man that will pinch from his gun?
Should my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the need on 't,
We'll fight when we can; when we can't, boys, we'll run."

Thro' the haze of the night a bright flash now appearing,
"Oh, Ho," cries Will Watch, "the Philistines bear down,
Bear a hand, my tight lads, ere we think about shearing,
Our broadside pour in. Should we swim, boys, or drown?"

But should I be popped off, you, my mates left behind me
Regard my last words, see 'm kindly obeyed,
Let no stone mark the spot, and my, friends, do you mind me.
Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch should be laid.

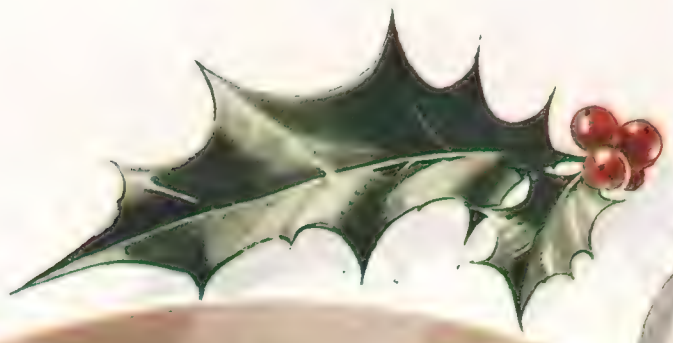
Poor Will's yarn was spun out, for a bullet next minute
Laid him low on the deck and he never spoke more.
His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remained in it,
Then cheered, and his hulk to his Susan they bore.

In the dead of the night his last wish was complied with,
To few known his grave and to few known his end.
He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died with,
He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayer of each friend.

Near his grave dash the billows, the winds loudly bellow,
Yon ash struck with lightning points out the cold bed,
Where Will Watch the bold smuggler, that famed lawless fellow,
Once feared—now forgot—sleeps in peace with the dead.

Drawings by C. Walter Hodges

LT. PEATE LEFT FOR DEAD ON THE SANDS NEAR FOLKESTONE: This was one of many such encounters along the coast when spirited young naval officers would endeavour to circumvent the smugglers. Peate discovered their hiding place near Deal. After a fierce fight he was left for dead, but recovered to fight many another battle



To The World this Christmastide . . .

Greetings from

Gilbey's

★ ★ ★ "BETWEEN GENTLEMEN" ★ ★ ★

(*Continued from page* 28)

much for my liking. But would any of you care for a cigarette? Stinkers on the right, Gypies on the left. No?" The case was returned to his pocket.

"That your case, Mr. Barter?"

"That's my case, all right. Sold to this—er—gentleman this afternoon. I took his cheque for it."

"Now, sir." Mr. Mangetti had risen to his feet. "Will you deny that you offered to sell me that identical case for ten pounds only an hour ago, barely a couple of hours after you'd paid fifty pounds odd for it?"

"Of course I won't deny it. Why should I? I don't care for it now. And I happen to want some ready money urgently. I've run out and, as you can see, I want to get away. If that's all your worry, you have my word it's perfectly all right. I stand to lose. But why that should affect you I fail to understand."

The large man in the tweed suit, who had not yet spoken, held up an enormous palm, mute signal for silence.

"Look here, sir," his voice cajoled, "we can soon get to the rights of this, surely. You must be known in Town. Military gent like you. Retired, I presume, as you are not in the current Army List." He cocked a quizzical eyebrow. "Relations, clubs, friends, your home address—anything to give us a line—anything to give these gents confidence. After all, you must admit it looks a bit fishy and that's putting it mildly."

"I'll admit nothing. I yet don't understand what you're getting at."

"These gentlemen say you've bilked 'em, that's all."

"Don't you think that's a bit high-handed?"

The large man spread deprecating palms, an invocation to the universe that the question was quite beyond his powers of elucidation.

"You can dispel all doubts, Captain, by answering my question."

"I refuse to give you any further information," Captain Fairfax said quietly. "The whole of this business is entirely unjustified, very high-handed, and—very illegal."

The large man shook his head dolefully.

"Well, if you won't help us, sir, we must draw our own conclusions. Of course, a mistake's a mistake, and very easily these gents may have made one, got a bit windy—and no wonder really, if you ask me."

"They've made a very big mistake, believe me. Who the hell do they think I am?"

"That's what they'd like to know."

"I'm saying nothing more. My cheques are good and I protest against this treatment."

The man in tweeds sighed. "What luggage has the gent got, Alf?"

"Not much, Bert." Captain Fairfax's escort curled a contemptuous lip. "A couple of cases. Shall I get 'em along?"

"Yass—— Now, sir," when the two weather-beaten cases had been dumped in the room, "will you please open 'em up?"

"Most certainly not! What have my cases got to do with this? I yet don't understand."

"You will in a moment. Got your keys, Alf? Righto, open up. I'll chance the risk."

The cases yawned open. One contained a dress suit and the furniture that goes with it, the other a couple of soiled shirts and some socks and miscellaneous odds and ends, but the preponderance of space was usurped by telephone and street directories whose weight countered emptiness.

The man called Alf laughed.

"Well! Well! Well!" he said. "I thought the fraternity had pensioned that hoary old trick half a generation ago. And it still works. Dear, dear! Dear, dear!" He raised inquiring brows. "Well, gentlemen, it's up to you. Do you intend to charge the—er—Captain?"

"I most certainly intend to charge the rogue," said Mr. Mangetti, "and I'll see he gets the lash of the law." Mr. Barter nodded unhappy agreement.

"But you can't do this," cried Captain Fairfax. "I tell you it's a mistake."

"You'll find we can do almost anything, Captain, excepting give you a baby. Call a taxi, Bert."

"The back entrance, if you please," said Mr. Mangetti.

"You'll regret this," cried Captain Geoffrey Fairfax.

"And I've heard that before," said Alf. "Will you come quietly—Captain?"

* * *

Mr. Barter lay awake long and miserably that night. Although he closed his eyelids a hundred times and invited sleep to couch herself gently upon their pouched weariness, that fickle sprite refused to be seduced. His mind was a confused whirligig of that unhappy day's happenings. This sort of thing upset him. Mr. Barter did not care for the even tenor of his days to be so harshly disturbed. Apart from anything else, it was very bad for business. Bad publicity. Folk were touchy. They always misconstrued one's actions. And the fellow had looked so genuine; quite a gentleman, in fact. It just showed you could never tell in business. You stood to be shot at from every point. Beastly business. Well, one lived and one learned. . . .

Mr. Barter turned over, a little wasp of a man in a cocoon of eiderdown. His sleeping spouse snorted and made the unconscious automatic turn peculiar to sleeping wives. And then a terrible thought sidled unobtrusively into Mr. Barter's mind and remained pricking his conscience like the oft-repeated stab of the banderillero's dart. Supposing, pricked the thought, Mr. Barter had been wrong in doing what he had, in making this charge against this fellow and seeing him lodged in Bow Street. Hadn't he been just a little too precipitate, just a little too certain of the ground that now seemed so unstable a foundation for his accusations? It had been that chap Mangetti. He ought to have known better than have been panicked by a foreigner. Italians were notoriously suspicious devils. What if he had been wrong? His brow became suddenly cold and clammy and then hot with perspiration. Ugh! That possibility wouldn't bear a second thought. But nevertheless the thought rode him like a relentless devil all through that weary night and jumped to his lips when he surprised Mr. Mangetti making a hurried entry into the West-End branch of the Western Bank a few minutes after the bronze doors of that establishment had been flung open.

Mr. Mangetti was embarrassed at his touch.

"Good heavens, Mr. Barter, you gave me a start." They looked at each other and then their glances fluttered away embarrassed.

"I've not been able to sleep a wink, Mr. Mangetti. This deplorable business. Supposing, supposing," his voice fell to a confidential whisper, "supposing we've made a mistake."

Mr. Mangetti cocked a liverish eye. "So you're on the same errand, eh? Well, it's a bit late to talk about mistakes. Supposing we find out?"

"But if we have made a mistake?"

"If! If!" Mr. Mangetti looked down on Mr. Barter with an expression that told that gentleman more than the whole of Mr. Mangetti's somewhat limited vocabulary could have expressed.

"Low fellow," thought Mr. Barter. These ex-waiters!

They walked over to the grille in silence, and in silence each proffered the cheques of Captain Fairfax. The product of Eton and Clare behind the grille yawned, took up the cheques, glanced at the signature, yawned again, passed them to another product, this time of Eton and Christ Church, who nonchalantly thumbed a ledger, scrawled initials over each and handed them back to his colleague at the seat of custom.

"How would you like it? Tens or Fives?"

But Mr. Barter had not heard. For the first and last time in his life he had fainted.

* * *

From the crown of his black felt, worn with just a suggestion of careless rakishness to the toes of his immaculately boned shoes, the tall, middled-aged man spelled "Service." His grey broken check suit said Savile Row and his tie . . .

Captain Geoffrey Fairfax again passed beneath the Corinthian columns that were the Travenners entrance. He flicked a wrist. The time was twelve noon precisely. The noblemen disguised as hall porters looked through him, the princess-in-waiting at the bureau listened with vinegar aspect to his petition for audience with the manager, Mr. Mangetti, the infant Bacchus in puce-coloured Eton jacket, who preceded him to that gentleman's room, radiated disdain.

The door of Mr. Mangetti's office closed silently upon Captain Fairfax.

"Please take a seat, Captain. You look well . . . er . . . considering your unfortunate er . . ." The voice was Mr. Mangetti's, the honeyed, dulcet tones reserved for financiers who had reached the million mark, cinema actresses fleeing from publicity, Atlantic fliers and members of the various bloods royal. "Will you smoke?"

"Thanks, but I'll smoke my own."

Mr. Barter looked miserably at the Captain's case.

"No," went on Captain Fairfax, "I can't say I'm feeling too bad . . . considering. The beds at Bow Street aren't exactly those of the Travenner. Ever slept on one, Mr. Mangetti?"

That gentleman laughed. The Captain would have his little joke.

"Then why did you think I would like to sleep on one?"

"A mistake, my dear Captain, a mistake which both Mr. Barter and I very deeply regret."

Mr. Barter shivered, but remained silent. Mr. Mangetti had told him that silence was his rôle when this fellow had telephoned to say he would meet them both at the Travenner.

"Yes, we are all liable to make mistakes, my dear Captain," Mr. Mangetti was saying.

"Of course. That is understandable. But . . ." Captain Fairfax removed and polished his eyeglass, "but mistakes must be paid for. The unwritten law of the universe, Mr. Mangetti. We put a hand too near a flame, we pay—we cross a road carelessly, we pay—we trifle with an affection, we pay—we are careless of our health, we pay—we transgress the law, we pay—we put an innocent citizen into quod, gentlemen, and we pay. No man can escape the reward of his actions. My price, Mr. Mangetti, is five hundred pounds; that is to say, two hundred and fifty pounds each." The eyeglass flashed from one to the other. "And I reckon you are getting away with it very lightly."

Mr. Barter gasped and opened his mouth to speak, but, remembering Mr. Mangetti's injunction, remained dumb. Not so Mr. Mangetti. That gentleman said quite a lot. Amongst other things he frequently made use of the term "frame up" and blackmail.

Captain Fairfax listened patiently. "Very well, gentlemen," he said, when at last he could stem the verbal spate that flowed from Mr. Mangetti, "if that's how you feel about it I've nothing more to say. If you can justify your actions go ahead. But you'll find you're up against a rather stiff proposition. You'll find my credit is good enough and my bank account will bear as close an inspection as either of yours, and I'll wager I'll come out with colours flying. You've rather burned your fingers and you know it. People nowadays don't like tradesmen jumping too quickly to conclusions, you know. However, have it your own way. I have nothing more to say excepting that when I leave here I walk along to my solicitor and tell him the facts and instruct him to institute proceedings at once against you, Mr. Mangetti, the proprietors of this hotel, and you, Mr. Barter, for criminal libel, for preferring a false and malicious charge and for wrongful imprisonment—amongst others. And, believe me, it'll cost you a darned sight more than five hundred pounds.

(*Continued on a later page*)

FIRST SNOW *Drawn by Percy Home*

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST *(to say nothing of the cigarette box)*

Colour Photograph by Walter Bird

The beauty is Marie Princess Paul Troubetskoy, well known in both literary and social circles. The beast speaks for himself (or would do if he were not quite so dead). And the cigarettes?

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★ ★ JUST CHILDISHNESS ★ ★

Suspicion, a Quarrel—and Little Geoff

By DAVID SCOTT DANIELL

JOHN BANNISTER had lived in two houses, in his father's for twenty-five years, and in his own for eight. In both houses the fires had always been lighted very early in the morning with pages of *The Times* and clocks had ticked with quiet confidence. Both staircases were slow and wide and there were always cigarettes of the better kind in convenient boxes which had lids which shut with a solid thud.

He stood now, an easy person in a light grey suit, in the hall of his house and looked through the open front door across the smooth lawn, seeing nothing of the neat and well-groomed landscape. Then his wife started to play Chopin's Waltz in C Sharp Minor recklessly, and John turned into his study and slammed the door.

"My God!" he said, half aloud. With a subconscious approval of the correctness of his gesture he slumped down into the leather armchair and started to fill a pipe, packing the tobacco so fiercely that it had no chance of drawing. He could hear the waltz faintly through the two doors and the intervening hall, and he could imagine Mary sitting at the piano, her lips slightly quivering, miserably happy in the knowledge that he could hear her defiant playing.

When he had left the drawing-room a few minutes ago, she had been sitting upright in a pale green chair looking through the French windows as if absorbed in the view. She would have shrugged her shoulder after he had slammed the door; then she would have glanced round the room, crossed to the piano, and seated herself carefully. She would have sat still for a few seconds with her hands poised over the keys searching her mind for *l'air juste,* and then she would have started playing.

"Actresses, all the lot of them," said John, "illogical and insincere." John pressed the lid of his tobacco jar into place, and held the bowl of his pipe in his right hand while he chewed at the mouthpiece. Then he stood up and poured himself out a deep whisky and soda, took a cigarette from his case, tapped it carefully, lit it and concentrated on smoking. The telephone bell rang and Mary stopped playing the waltz.

John crossed to his desk and carefully lifted the instrument. The telephone on his desk was an extension from the main instrument in the hall, and it was possible to "listen-in" to a conversation being carried on at the main telephone. Without realising that his behaviour broke one of the nicest rules of the code to which he had been bred, he sat on his desk and listened. Edith answered the ring in her tidy cap-and-apron voice.

"This is Mr. John Bannister's house. Who is that, please?"

"Mr. Victor Sandes here," said a pleasantly groomed voice. "Is Mrs. Bannister in, please?"

"If you'll hold the line, sir, I'll go and see," said Edith.

John began to replace his telephone, but with a hasty glance over his shoulder towards the door he returned it to his ear. "The suède swine," he thought.

Edith soon found Mary, and John noticed how friendly and gay her voice was, now that she was speaking to Victor.

"Hullo, Victor! Good afternoon. Why aren't you playing golf? I thought all stockbrokers played golf on Saturdays."

"Just finished. I'm speaking from the club-house. There's a long drink sitting on a table over there waiting for me. I say, are you and John doing anything to-night?"

"I don't think so, why?"

"Well, I've been playing with a fellow here who's got a brother or something who writes plays. He's given me seats for a first night, and I wondered if you and John would come with me. We could dine in Town and have some supper afterwards."

"That all sounds very grand," said Mary. "Did you win this afternoon?"

"I did, but that's nothing to do with it. Will you see what John says? That *John Collins* is calling me, so hurry up."

"Righto, hang on," and John put his telephone back swiftly and picked up the newspaper.

Mary came into the study, and John admired the inflexion in her voice when she spoke; there was a tacit recognition of their strained and harsh conversation of a quarter of an hour ago, and a clear indication that this was a truce which meant nothing to the quarrel.

"John, Victor's on the 'phone. He wants to know if we'll dine with him and go to a first night."

"Oh! What's the play?" asked John, continuing to read a paragraph on the "Portsmouth Cadets' Visit to Coventry."

"He didn't say, but he's waiting to know if we can go."

"I can't say I'm very interested. I was going to do some work this evening. Still, I suppose we'll have to go."

"If you feel like that about it, we'll stay at home. Though it's not very gracious of you."

"There's no need to take *that* attitude. I'll go to your rotten party if I must."

JADE — *From a drawing by Charles Robinson*

"Oh, it's no good. . . ."

"Tell him we'll go. I don't care. Anyhow, I want to read this article."

Mary slammed the door and John picked up the telephone and listened again.

"Hullo, Victor," said Mary, and the difference in her tone of voice made John wince, "John's in the middle of a job, and says he's terribly sorry he can't leave it. Do you mind awfully? He'd have loved to have come, but he's feeling all conscientious."

"Well . . ." Victor was obviously disappointed, "couldn't *you* come? I'll run you home afterwards. It's a good show I believe. John won't mind, he'll work better if he's left alone."

There was a pause, and John gloated at the chance this would give him to feel aggrieved. "Right, I'll come," said Mary, "but I'll drive myself in. Where shall I meet you?"

"Could you manage seven o'clock at my place?"

"Seven o'clock then. Bye-bye, Victor, and thanks for thinking of us. You are a dear."

John put the telephone back gently, and sat down at his desk. He picked up a paper clip and bent it into weird shapes. Mary came into the study and folded up *The Times.*

"Well," asked John, "did you say we'd go? Where do we meet him?"

"I told him you had some work you couldn't leave."

"But I said we'd go! Now I suppose you'll mooch about all the evening with an injured Cinderella look on your face. Really, Mary, you *are* damned unreasonable."

"I shan't 'mooch about,' I'm going without you. I'm meeting Victor at his place at seven."

"While I stay at home and. . . ."

". . . Do your work! When you're like this there's nothing to be gained by playing up to you. You don't object to me going, I suppose?"

"I don't give a damn what you do." John turned round and groped for his pipe in his pocket. It wasn't there, so he examined his nails and rubbed one of them against his palm. "Look here, Mary, we can't go on like this much longer," he said, and he felt a tremor pass down his body, a warning that he was speaking words he would afterwards regret. "You've changed desperately lately. Every time I. . . ."

"Changed! *I've* changed!" said Mary with a laugh as hard and devoid of charity as John's mind. "For God's sake don't start all *that* over again!"

They were silent, and the silver clock on the mantelpiece ticked loudly with a note which seemed to be different to its usually friendly rhythm. Mary stood up and crossed to the French windows. "I'm tired of it all. We just go on and on, getting irritated over absurd petty things. We are polite when Edith or Doris are there, and then either silent and bitter or we quarrel like two children. You've lost all interest in me, and you think of nothing but your everlasting work. I suppose you're tired, and that makes you childish."

(*Continued on a later page*)

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WIND *From the painting by Major C. S. Heaton Armstrong*

JUST CHILDISHNESS

(*Continued from page 40*)

"And you say you aren't unreasonable! Why do you think I work hard? Yet you throw it in my teeth as if I ought to be ashamed of it. You used to take an interest in it. And I'm not 'tired.' I'm just tired of you and your unfriendliness." As he spoke the last sentence he felt that tremor again, and a part of his mind stood back and despised him. But the other half of his mind took a subtle sadistic pleasure in its cruelty.

"Well, for eight years you've been pleasant. Now you are definitely unpleasant to live with. So unless you pull yourself together, I'll do something about it. Now I'm going to leave you to your precious 'work.'"

"Well, go and play your piano again!" said John, and at that moment Geoffrey came into the study, went to his father, and pulled him by the arm.

"Daddy, I've digged a trench. Come and look at it."

"Daddy's busy," said Mary.

"Righto, I'll come," said John, without looking at Mary, and he left the room, tugged excitedly by a prancing Geoffrey. Mary watched them go, and then she went through the baize door to the kitchen. While she talked to Doris about dinner she glanced out of the window and saw John carrying a piece of trench board across the kitchen garden from the greenhouses. Geoffrey was talking vehemently, waving his small muddy arms.

* * *

Behind the three apple trees was a waste stretch of ground where Geoffrey was allowed to do as he wished. Here John and Geoffrey became absorbed in the work of making the shallow trench as realistic as possible. John had hung his jacket on a convenient branch, and showed Geoffrey how to make a firing step. With great concentration they worked at Geoffrey's play, in the full confident friendship of a young father and a young son. Geoffrey's seven years were too few to let him feel any of the embarrassment which so often comes with this relationship. Geoffrey was a child whose teeth had been regularly inspected and whose diet had always been a thoughtful one. He was bathed often and his light hair and his pink ears suggested that he would, in the fullness of time, go to a very sensible preparatory school.

John did not forget his quarrel with Geoffrey's mother, but by being exceptionally friendly and manly with Geoffrey he was able to put himself in the right in his own mind. Twice he called Geoffrey "Old Man" and when Geoffrey ran a splinter from the trench board into his forefinger, John extracted it in an unsentimental manly way which was quite un-nursery and which made the child consider himself to be an inch taller.

The trench was completed and before John had to put himself to the test of crawling over the ground like a German soldier to be shot at by Geoffrey from the trench, nurse came to inform them that it was time for Master Geoffrey's bath. John supported the nurse and Geoffrey left his trench with less regret than the nurse had feared. John suggested that all good workmen cleaned their tools and put them away when they finished a job, and they put John's spade and fork into his wheelbarrow and walked with him while he wheeled it to the potting shed. They then walked through the kitchen garden and round the house to the front door.

"Will you come to my bath, Daddy?" invited Geoffrey politely.

"Oh, Master Geoffrey, I'm sure your Daddy has spent quite a long time with you already," said the nurse, who was young and still found the presence of her master at John's bath slightly embarrassing.

"But Daddy can bath me altogether if he likes," suggested Geoffrey, "and you can rest or have a nice cup of tea."

"I'll come and talk to you for a bit if you like," said John quickly, feeling absurdly uncomfortable in the presence of the nurse.

* * *

When Geoffrey was sitting pinkly in the bath telling nurse all about his trench and the splinter, John sat on the end and puffed at his pipe, now sanely packed. He liked seeing Geoffrey sitting in warm water and chattering so gaily, and for the first time for two hours Mary was quite out of his mind. The sight of Geoffrey, so obviously healthy and sound, so confident of the universe and so content with his lot, gave John a quiet but deep sense of satisfaction with himself. John admired the nurse's efficiency in bathing and he enjoyed the pervading scent of coal tar soap. The neatness with which John's absurd green striped pyjamas were hung over the back of the chair made John's past and future appear to be knit into a satisfactory whole.

The door opened and Mary came into the bathroom. The nurse became more efficient in her work and John was suddenly aware that he was smoking.

"Hullo, Mummy!" cried Geoffrey gaily, realising that his entire world was now gathered round him in the happiest circumstances, "we've finished my trench and it's got a firing step and everything. And I got a great big splinter in my hand and Daddy pulled it out. Look, you can see the hole it made."

He held out his hand for inspection and watched his mother's face to see that she showed proper sympathy, for Geoffrey was thoroughly masculine. "I didn't mind a bit, did I, Daddy?"

"Not a bit; no squeak or squawk and a stiff upper lip all the while," agreed John.

The nurse held the large warm towel for Geoffrey and as he stood up in the bath, looking surprisingly pink, Mary ran her eyes over his body like a mechanic glancing over a familiar engine to see that it was in good condition. Geoffrey chattered gaily whilst he was scientifically dried, and as John watched the two women ministering to the child he suddenly felt acutely clumsy and out of place. He stood up and crossed to the window, looking out over the garden. Then he turned round.

"Well, good night, my lad, sleep well," he said, and as Geoffrey kissed him, John again noticed the scent of soap and clean flesh. Then he left the room, closing the door gently after him.

* * *

He walked downstairs idly and went into his study. Noticing the telephone he suddenly remembered the incidents of the afternoon.

"Oh blast!" he said, "damn and blast!" Then he stared at the telephone for a minute, and lifted the receiver and gave a number.

"Oh, is that you, Victor?" he said, "you're back from golf, then?"

"Just back. That's you, John, isn't it?"

"It is. I say, about that show of yours . . . I was wondering if you. . . ."

"It's all right," said Victor, "Mary rang me up again at the golf club. You're coming about seven, aren't you?"

"Mary rang up? . . . Oh, yes, of course. Seven it is. Cheerio."

He put the receiver back and sat back in the chair. Then he went upstairs.

Mary was brushing her hair before the mirror when John came in. He sat down on the bed and watched her for a minute.

"I've just rung Victor up . . ." he said. "I say, Mary, I am a beast."

"If you don't hurry up and get dressed you'll make us late," said Mary, without stopping her brushing. "Run along and have your bath now, and I'll put your studs in your shirt for you. We must leave in half an hour."

"When did you ring Victor up?" asked John with genuine curiosity.

"When I saw you going upstairs to the bathroom."

"Oh. . . . He's a grand kid, isn't he?" said John.

"Yes, but you ought to put iodine on his finger when you pull splinters out. But hurry up and have your bath."

Only when John was drying himself did he feel man enough to burst into song, and when Mary heard him she decided to wear the green frock after all.

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WINTER *From the painting by A. E. Bottomley*

★ ★ ★ THIRST ★ ★ ★

By Donald S. Aitken

KEMP opened his eyes in the darkness and sat up straight on his blankets. A faint glimmer of greyness was visible low down in the eastern sky. A death-like silence hung over the bush; not a single leaf stirred. It had been another night of oppressive, stifling heat and Kemp's mouth felt dry. He leaned across, nudged a figure lying a few feet away.

"Daylight, Larkin!" he whispered.

The Australian bushman stirred sleepily, then grunted and pushed himself up on one elbow. He scrubbed the corners of his mouth with the back of his right hand.

"My oath!" he muttered, making a grimace in the darkness. "My throat feels like a piece of damned greenhide. It's no use—I got to take a swig at the water-bag!"

"The bag's empty," Kemp replied. "McLean's fever was worse during the night—he had to have what little water was left."

Larkin ripped out a savage curse, sat up with a jerk. He was wide awake now. "For cripe's sake!" he spat out. "Did that crazy old bandicoot take my share of the water! I'll——"

"Cut it, Larkin!" Kemp's edged voice knifed the darkness. "Mac's asleep now. I gave him the water—my share as well as yours. You get out after the horses. With an early start we can be at Cox's Waterhole by noon."

Larkin gave an angry snort of disgust. He felt around for his elastic-side boots, jerked them on over his bare feet. Then he located a bridle among the heap of pack-saddles and stalked away through the trees.

With furrowed brows, Kemp watched him go. He would never cease to regret having teamed up with the Australian. The fellow was nothing but a scheming ingrate, without a spark of real man in him. Begrudging the fever-racked McLean a few drops of water—after all the old man had done for them. Made them both rich!

Kemp began to busy himself about the camp. He rolled blankets; stowed equipment away in pack-bags. They wouldn't bother with breakfast—they were all too dry for that. When Larkin returned with the horses they'd saddle up and get away before it became too hot.

The brilliance of the stars overhead faded slowly before the dawn. By the time Kemp had finished packing, daylight had come. He stood, revealed, a broad-shouldered man clad in sun-faded khaki. Long months under a scourging sun had tanned his high-boned face a deep bronze. Two hundred pounds of brawn and muscle were distributed evenly over his six-foot frame. He strode over to where an old man tossed restlessly on a bed of dry grass. He dropped to one knee beside him.

"How do you feel now, Mac?" he asked. His voice was gentle, sympathetic.

Fever burned brightly in the grey-bearded prospector's hot eyes as he looked up. His cheeks were sunken, his neck scrawny as a turkey's. His bearded lips moved slowly.

"Any water—left?" he managed weakly.

Kemp bit hard on his lower lip as he shook his head. "Sorry, Mac. The water-bag's dry—you had the last few drops some time ago. We're a good twenty miles from Cox's Waterhole; the horses were too done up last night to go right through. Think you can ride that far?"

"Reckon—I'll make—it—somehow," McLean said in his faint voice. "I—wish them bells—would stop—ringin'—in my head!"

"That's from too much quinine. Now try and rest until the horses come."

Kemp stood erect, listening. Larkin should have been back before this. The horses, short-hobbled as they had been, couldn't have gone far.

He picked up his battered, wide-brimmed hat and buckled on a leather belt from which hung a revolver holster. Then he strode long-legged through the trees out to the plain.

He saw Larkin coming along the edge of the timber toward the camp. The bushman was hurrying on foot. There was no sign of the horses. Kemp scented trouble of some kind.

Sweat rolled from the Australian's brow as he came up. There was a six-weeks' growth of stubble darkening the lower part of his face. It was a lean, hatchet face and the small gimlet eyes deep set on each side of the thin nose were wide with alarm.

"*Myalls!*" he panted. "The black devils (*Continued on page* 46)

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THIRST

(*Continued from page 44*)

put spears into our horses last night! I found 'em half a mile down—all dead!"

The news stunned Kemp for a moment. He was well aware that a few savage tribes of bush blacks still roamed these parts of north-western Australia, but in a camp like this—miles from water—he had never expected any trouble.

"See anything of the blacks?" he asked.

"No. By the looks of their tracks the devils went bush again after spearin' the nags. They stole the hobbles and neck straps."

Kemp's dark-tanned face was grave. "We're twenty miles from the nearest water," he said. "This puts us in a tight corner."

Larkin wore a knotted handkerchief around the open neck of his sweat-stained, grey flannel undershirt. He used the ends to wipe his grimy face.

"My oath it does!" he exclaimed. "Perishin' right now for a drink, I am. I'm packin' a bit o' tucker an' strikin' out for Cox's Waterhole right now!"

"*You're* striking out?" Kemp's eyes flashed under the thunder of his brow. "What's going to happen to Mac?"

The bushman stared back at Kemp through slitted eyes, his mouth set in a thin, cruel line.

"It's every man for himself now!" he lipped meaningly.

"You miserable swine!" Kemp fairly spat the words. "While we were trying to persuade old Mac to show us that gold-bearing country he said he knew out back, you couldn't do enough for him. You sucked around him all the time—even loaded one of your packs with bottles of beer so that you could surprise the old man with them on the way out. You knew his weakness for the hops—and wanted to stand in good with him. But once we struck gold—what a difference! I wouldn't treat a dog the way you've treated him on the way back. Now you'd leave him here, meat for the crows and kite-hawks!"

Larkin backed up a step like an animal at bay.

"The old man's crazy, I tell you! Queer in the head. He's lived by himself in the bush too much. What chance is there of savin' him when he can hardly stand up? You're an Englishman—you don't know this damned country! A man on foot in this heat can't last eight hours without water. He goes mad with thirst—tears off his clothes and runs until he drops! Too many men have perished like that in these parts. It's not going to happen to me!"

Without warning, Kemp jerked out his revolver.

"Get this, Larkin!" he ripped out. "Whether you like it or not—we're partners, the three of us. You and I are going to get McLean in to water if we have to carry him every foot of the way. One more squawk out of you and you'll die with lead in your belly! Now walk to the camp."

McLean himself was against it. Impossible, the grey-bearded prospector protested, for the two men to carry him bodily across twenty miles of arid country under a scorching sun.

Kemp said nothing, just went ahead with his plans. He forced the scowling Larkin to cut and trim two light, lance-wood poles. Part of a canvas tent-fly was lashed between these ten-foot sticks and on to this improvised stretcher they lifted the fever-ridden old man. A little flour, tea and sugar in calico tucker-bags was placed at the foot, together with a few tins of bully beef. Then they were ready to start.

GLAMOUR *Drawing by Hailstone*

Larkin made no attempt to conceal the black hatred for the Englishman that was rankling in his heart. Muttered curses came from his mumbling lips as he was compelled to lift the front end of the stretcher. Kemp took up the rear. As they set out eastward across the seemingly limitless expanse of sandy waste, the sun came up. Its slanting rays, even at this early hour, beat down with a savage fierceness.

They settled down to a steady pace. McLean's fever raged. He became delirious, tossed about restlessly until he at last sank into an exhausted, coma-like sleep.

Kemp and the Australian plodded on. Except for a few sand toads and an occasional frill lizard, they were the only things that stirred in the immensity of that arid space. Two specks, seemingly moving at snail's pace over an endless stretch of sand toward an empty skyline. Larkin driven on by fear and the desire to save his own skin, Kemp pressing forward in an effort to reach water that would mean life to an old man who was his friend.

Not until two hours had passed and the top of a low line of timber had crept over the shimmering horizon did Kemp call the first halt. The men's clothes were soaked with perspiration, their tongues were no longer able to moisten their parched lips. Thirst was a burning fire-stick thrust in their throats.

"Another hour—and we'll be in the scrub," Kemp said, as they set the stretcher down. "We'll have shade then part of the way."

Larkin sank to the ground, mopped his trickling brow. "My God!" he muttered thickly. "I can't lug this damned thing any further. I'll never be able to make it, Kemp, I tell you! It'll kill me!"

Kemp merely shrugged. After a brief spell he gave the order to continue. The Australian balked, bent again to the stretcher poles only after Kemp laid a hand on the butt of his gun.

They resumed the march. The rays of the rapidly climbing sun beat down on them more pitilessly than ever. Little black lines of wavy heat danced from the baked surface of the ground. Heat-haze hung like a faint blue veil between them and the far-off timber.

As they plodded, visions of deep, cool rock-holes and flowing creeks rose before Kemp's eyes to taunt him. He gritted his teeth and hung on grimly whenever Larkin stumbled in front and the jerk jarred at his leaden arms. McLean still lay in a coma.

Both men were staggering a bit when they finally reached the edge of the scrub. In the shade of a tall cabbage gum they set down their burden, stretched themselves flat, grateful for the respite from the direct rays of the broiling sun.

For a full hour they rested. McLean began tossing with fever again, crying weakly for water in his delirious moments. Kemp did his best to quieten him, was thankful when the old man lapsed back into unconsciousness.

Then they started up again.

This time their route lay through stunted wattle and quinine scrub. Their progress was slow. Frequently they had to make wide detours to avoid impenetrable patches.

As the dreary miles dropped behind them, Larkin's forward gait became a mere shuffle. His head drooped and he had difficulty in picking his way. He complained of sore eyes. Both men's blackened lips were puffing up. Their tongues seemed to fill their whole mouths.

It was shortly after noon when they came to the far edge of the scrub. They had reached the rim of a large, open claypan, some eight or nine miles across. Cox's Waterhole lay on the other side, at the foot of a low line of brown hills.

They halted under a clump of bloodwoods near the timber's edge. Kemp decided to stay here until the sun went down. Burdened with the stretcher, they could never survive the blistering afternoon heat as it was reflected from the red, shining surface of the giant claypan. It threw back the glare like polished boilerplate.

Nothing grew out there—nothing could. The ground was scalded. During the brief rainy season, water covered it to the depth of several inches. It never soaked in—the red clay surface was baked too hard. The water remained until evaporated by the sun.

McLean's fever had eased; it seemed to be slowly burning itself out. The unnatural brightness no longer glittered in his eyes; his brow was cooler. Nevertheless, his gaunt, sucked-in cheeks and crusted lips showed that he, too, was suffering the agonies of extreme thirst.

"We've reached the claypan, Mac," Kemp told him. "After sundown we'll start across. Try and stick it out."

The grey-bearded man was trying to speak but no sound came from his working mouth. He gave up the attempt, instead made a pathetic effort to frame his tortured lips into a smile of gratitude. He managed to raise a skinny hand, let it fall weakly on the Englishman's brown forearm.

Larkin had stretched himself flat in the shade. Kemp sat down and leaned his back against the white bole of one of the bloodwood trees. Every ounce of their remaining strength must be conserved—they would need it all.

Before the Englishman's eyes rose a tantalising vision of Cox's Waterhole, as it had been when they camped there on the trip out, three months ago. Then it had been a pool of beautifully clear water surrounded by shady coolibah trees. There would be less water in it now, of course; but no matter how much it had shrunk, no matter how thick the water had become, it meant life itself if they could reach it. They must reach it!

He remembered their old camp on the bank. It had been at that camp Larkin had unexpectedly produced a dozen bottles of beer from one of his pack-bags. He had been saving them as a surprise for Mac. They each drank four bottles. How good the beer had tasted! Kemp could see old Mac now, burying his nose deep into a tea billy filled with the amber liquid, wiping froth from his moustache afterward and smacking his lips. The memory of it was almost driving Kemp mad.

He recalled how they had drunk to the success of the prospecting trip that lay ahead of them. McLean was taking them far out back into country he knew, but where few white men had ever penetrated.

It had been a success all right, their little (*Continued on page 48*)

A PICTORIAL COMPETITION: for Old & Young

Drawn by Percy Home

Previous pictorial competitions have been such a success that the Editor is offering another one to his readers this year. The upper portion of this page shows high ground overlooking a stream, but the buildings and trees have to be added to complete the picture. The lower portion of the page contains the various component parts of the scene which, when placed in position, will cover most of the distant view. These portions should be cut out and pasted upon the upper view in the positions which the competitor thinks to be most suitable and logical. One portion may overlap another. The finished picture is based upon an actual scene, so that the various pieces should fall into their natural places. Three prizes will be given for the best solutions of this pictorial competition. The First Prize, £5: the Second Prize, £3, and the Third Prize, £2. Post your solutions to the Competition Editor, "The Sphere" Office, 32/34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than January 11, 1937. The decision of the Editor in every case is final.

THIRST

(*Continued from page 46*)

expedition. After many fruitless weeks they discovered an outcrop of quartz, richly veined with yellow gold. But lack of water prevented them from staying to work the lode. They staked out a claim; then decided to come in, apply for a mining lease and return after the first rains.

From then on nothing seemed to go right. Larkin revealed his true colours by making it plain that he had no further use for old Mac—now that they had discovered gold. He seemed to begrudge the old man a third share in the claim, treated him worse than a black fellow. Then there were the long dry stretches to traverse on the way back . . . McLean finally going down with fever, hardly able to stay in the saddle . . . Last night their horses speared by wild blacks.

But they still had a chance. If they could reach Cox's Waterhole—they would be safe. Five miles on the other side was an out-station of Walleroo Plains—a large cattle run. Civilisation . . . Proper care for Mac if they made it. Kemp opened and closed his fists. They must make it!

Kemp never realised he was dozing until a jerk at his belt awakened him. It was too late then. Larkin had crept up from behind and snatched the gun from his holster.

Larkin was standing before him, levelling the revolver; his sore, red-rimmed eyes glittering with triumph. The lines of his dirty, unshaven face were twisted with hate.

"Stay where you are, Kemp," he rasped thickly.

The Englishman cursed himself under his breath for being caught off guard. He got to his feet slowly, eyeing the menacing bushman, measuring the distance for a spring. But Larkin kept backing up. He was out of reach. There wasn't a chance.

"Put that gun down," Kemp said in an even voice. "There's no need for any of that stuff. We can be at Cox's in a few hours—all of us."

A dry laugh rattled in the Australian's throat.

"I'm startin' now—alone!"

Kemp's dark-tanned face was like granite. "You yellow rat!" he jerked out.

"I could put a bullet through you, Kemp, if I wanted to," Larkin croaked on. "But there ain't goin' to be any need for that. I know your bloody type—you an' your damned principles! Too bloomin' high an' mighty to leave this old cuss here to die. All right—you can both perish together!"

Backing to the stretcher, keeping his deepset eyes still fixed on the Englishman, Larkin bent over and picked up two tins of bully beef. He stuffed them inside his sweat-soaked flannel undershirt.

"Better not follow me," he warned. "If you come sneakin' into Cox's Waterhole—I'll plug you for sure!" He sidled out into the sunglare and started across the open claypan, throwing frequent glances back over his shoulder.

Kemp watched him go, conscious only of a sinking, hopeless feeling inside. He had to force his head around to look at McLean. The aged prospector was struggling to sit up, his breath coming in little gasps.

"Never—mind—me," he panted. "Look—out—for yourself. I—" He dropped back.

The Englishman squatted beside the weak, grey-bearded old man and laid a hand on his shoulder. "I'm sticking with you, Mac," he said simply. "Don't worry—we'll get out somehow." But in his heart there was little hope.

While waiting for sundown, Kemp made a discovery. One of the main branches of the bloodwood tree under which they were camped, was hollow. He climbed up to where the hollow limb joined the white trunk; with his knife cut a hole in the crotch. Down inside he found a quantity of black mud.

The slimy mess of decayed leaves stank, but to the two thirst-tortured men it was more precious than gold. Kemp scooped it out and placed it in his neckerchief, squeezing it until droplets of black water oozed through the threads.

He shared the priceless moisture with McLean. In turn they held the cool ball of mud against their puffed lips, sucked at it eagerly. Their stomachs retched at the stench, but to their burning throats and swollen tongues it afforded some measure of relief.

The sun was a flaming ruby sliding into the tops of the trees when Kemp started out to cross the claypan carrying McLean pick-a-back. The old man's wasted arms were clasped around the Englishman's neck from behind.

The heat of day lingered on even after darkness fell. Heat seemed to be rising from the ground; the air was stiflingly oppressive. The moon that came up later had a lurid glare like the eye of a drunken man.

Kemp kept doggedly on. Sweat no longer exuded from his pores. His all-consuming thirst seemed to have dried out his entire body, shrivelled his very skin. Sometimes as he stumbled forward he closed his eyes and for a brief moment was able to imagine that it was all part of some horrible nightmare. But always reality returned to mock him.

The hard, unyielding surface of the claypan blistered his feet until every step became exquisite torture. McLean's little remaining strength gave out; he could no longer hang on around Kemp's neck. Kemp carried him now, doubled at the waist, over one shoulder. His progress became slower. He had to fight off the temptation to lie down and rest. If he did he was afraid he might lose consciousness, to awake, if ever, under a broiling sun. He kept on . . . .and on . . . .

Dawn was in the sky when he stumbled, more dead than alive, on to rough ground at the eastern rim of the claypan. A green clump of coolibahs, not more than three or four hundred yards distant, marked the location of Cox's Waterhole.

The realisation that he was almost within reach of his objective rallied him for a final effort. His swaying gait increased to a lumbering trot. He did not think of Larkin, perhaps waiting with a gun. Larkin was unimportant now. Only one thought burned in Kemp's brain:

WATER!

Close to the waterhole he fought his way through green lignum bushes—then stopped dead on the bank. His brain ceased to function—refused to interpret the evidence that lay before his eyes. It couldn't be true.

But it was.

Cox's Waterhole was merely an empty basin of sun-baked mud. Dry!

Kemp lowered McLean's limp body to the ground. He looked again. In the early morning light he could make out a dark form sprawled in the centre of the dry bed of the waterhole. He staggered out to it.

It was Larkin—dead from a self-inflicted bullet through his right temple. One of the tins of bully beef lay by his side. A tiny scratch-hole in the hard-baked mud and the red-raw fingertips of the bushman told of a last despairing effort to dig for water.

Kemp knew he had reached the end of his own staying power. What mattered it that five miles beyond lay a cattle station—water—proper food? It might as well be five hundred miles away—he could never make it. This was the end.

A red mist swam before his eyes. He bent over and gripped the revolver from Larkin's dead hand. Thank God, there were still two bullets left!

He dragged his sore and stumbling feet back to the spot where he had left McLean. The old man lay on his side, mouth open. Breath rattled faintly in his throat. Kemp knelt beside him.

At that moment the grey-bearded man's eyelids fluttered. Kemp hid the gun behind his back.

"The waterhole's dry, Mac!" The words came thickly from between Kemp's tortured lips. "It's—finish for us, I'm afraid."

McLean struggled to raise himself, succeeded in pushing himself half-way up on one elbow. He stared about, pointed a trembling hand along the bank of the waterhole.

"Wattle—tree—" he gasped. "At—the—foot. Dig—dig." The arm buckled under him and he fell back.

Kemp stared wonderingly along the bank. That wattle tree was where their previous camp had been. The old man's mind must have given way. What——

McLean's eyes were opening again. "Dig—dig—" he whispered faintly. "Bottle—buried—there—"

Then Kemp remembered. They had drunk the beer under that tree—the dozen bottles Larkin had brought out. Could it be that the old man had, unknown to them, saved one of the bottles of beer and buried it?

He got up and reeled over to the tree. With a piece of broken stick he began frenziedly probing the ground. It was the act of a drowning man clutching at a straw—for he knew, far back in his mind, that a single bottle couldn't possibly save either of them.

The probing stick struck something hard and smooth between the big roots of the tree. Kemp dropped to his knees eagerly, scooped dirt away with his bare hands. The neck of a bottle, buried upright, came into sight. Then a second one! Another—three—five—six! Oh, God—was this a dream!

There were twelve bottles in all.

Frantically, Kemp pulled one up, prised out the piece of stick that took the place of a cork. The beer bottle contained cool, clear water!

With a little choking cry of thankfulness, Kemp tilted the bottle to his crusted lips. He could swallow, at first, only in sips. New life seemed to flow into him as the trickling water loosened his swollen tongue and assuaged the burning dryness of his throat.

The second and third bottles went to McLean.

It was near sundown when Kemp returned from Walleroo Plains out-station with horses and a canteen pack for McLean.

The old man was sitting up in the shade surrounded by empty bottles. He was still very weak, but the meal and the billy of strong, black tea that Kemp prepared went a long way toward restoring him.

"Now then, Mac," Kemp said. "Explain the miracle. How did those bottles of water get under that tree?"

McLean smiled. "I buried 'em. The mornin' we broke camp here. While you an' Larkin were musterin' the horses."

"But how did you know the waterhole was going to be dry when we came back?" Kemp wanted to know.

"Son, I didn't know," replied the grey-haired bushman. "It's just a little investment some of us old-timers like to make. Never throw an empty bottle away in these parts—fill it with water an' bury it, my boy! Better'n puttin' money in the bank—an' mighty handy sometimes in a dry spell."

"I've travelled around a bit." Kemp admitted, "but that's a new one on me! I guess I've got plenty to learn yet."

McLean's fatigue-dulled eyes rested on the bronzed Englishman gravely.

"There's one thing you don't have to take lessons in—from anyone," he said earnestly. "I mean—*guts!* You've got more of them than any man I ever knew."

"HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING"

"I must have this right before Christmas Day"

"BETWEEN GENTLEMEN"

(*Continued from page 38*)

"It'll cost you, Mr. Mangetti, your job. It'll cost the hotel its reputation and then some, and as for you, Mr. Barter—" the Captain shook his head. He paused. "Well, how do you like it?"

Mr. Barter turned a curious greeny colour. He raised the eyes of a beaten dog to Mr. Mangetti. But that gentleman sat immobile, staring balefully at the gallant gentleman opposite, a graven image of inwardly disturbed pomposity.

"You bloody twister," he spat.

"Why 'bloody,' Mr. Mangetti?"

* * *

Captain Fairfax let himself into the discreet little flat off Mount Street and deposited two rather weather-beaten suitcases in its bijou hall, hung up the black felt, swept his handkerchief over immaculate shoes and walked into his wife's sitting-room.

"Darling," the delicately rouged lips caressed his nose. "What luck this time?"

"Not so bad, my poppet, not so bad. Five hundred of the brightest and best. Might have stuck out for more, but that Italian greaser, Mangetti, was a shade too hot."

"Angel!"

Captain Fairfax chuckled.

"Put that amongst your collection." A thin gold cigarette case passed.

"Why must it always be cigarette cases, Geoffrey?" The little snub nose wrinkled and the little crescents that were lips pouted into an orange blob.

"Because, my poppet, between gentlemen—however, we might make it diamonds next time."

"Angel!" The orange blob was momentarily extinguished.

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A camera study by W. C. West, exhibited at the London Salon of Photography, 1936

WHEN WINTER COMES

"The farmer has driven his flocks and cattle into sheltered home enclosures, where they may receive from his provident care that food which the earth now denies them; or into the farmyard itself, where some honest Giles piles their cratches plentifully with fodder. The labourer has fled from the field to the barn, and the measured strokes of his flail are heard daily from morn till eve. It amazes us, as we walk abroad, to conceive where can have concealed themselves the infinite variety of creatures that sported through the air, earth, and waters of summer. Birds, insects, reptiles, whither are they all gone? The birds that filled the air with their music, the rich blackbird, the loud and cheerful thrush, the linnet, lark, and goldfinch, whither have they crept? The squirrel that played his antics on the forest-tree, and all the showy and varied tribes of butterflies, moths, dragonflies, beetles, wasps and warrior-hornets, bees, and cockchafers, whither have they fled? Some, no doubt, have lived out their little term of being, and their bodies, lately so splendid, active, and alive to a thousand instincts, feelings, and propensities, are become part and parcel of the dull and wintry soil; but the greater portion have shrunk into the hollows of trees and rocks, and into the bosom of their mother earth itself, where, with millions of seeds and roots, and buds, they live in the great treasury of Nature, ready at the call of a more auspicious season to people the world once more with beauty and delight."

William Howitt, the author of this fragment, was born in 1792; *apprenticed to a builder and carpenter, he later wrote a number of poems and books.*

A RIDDLE

By Catherine Maria Fanshawe

'Twas in heaven pronounced, and 'twas muttered in hell,
An echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confest.
'Twill be found in the sphere, when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder.
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends at his birth, and awaits him in death.
Presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is crown'd.
Without it the soldier, the seaman may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home!
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlpool of passion be drown'd.
'Twill not soften the heart; but though deaf be the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
Yet in shade let it rest like a delicate flower,
Ah, breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.

Catherine Fanshawe lived from 1765 to 1834, a wealthy woman with an aptitude for poetry and drawing. The above is one of her best known efforts. The solution is the letter H.

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WITH KING ARTHUR & HIS KNIGHTS

(*Continued from page 7*)

good adventure and my Lady the Queen and all them of this hall for love of you! Hold it not churlishness and I alight not, for there where knights be may I not alight, nor ought I until such time as the Graal be achieved." "Damsel," saith the King, "Gladly would I have it so." "Sir," saith she, "That know I well, and may it not mislike you to hear the errand whereon I am come." "It shall not mislike me," saith the King, "Say your pleasure!" "Sir," saith she, "The shield that this damsel beareth belonged to Joseph, the good soldier knight that took down Our Lord of hanging on the rood. I make you a present thereof in such wise as I shall tell you, to wit, that you keep the shield for a knight that shall come hither for the same, and you shall make hang it on this column in the midst of your hall, and guard it in such wise as that none may take it and hang at his neck save he only. And of this shield shall he achieve the Graal, and another shield shall he leave here in the hall, red, with a white hart; and the brachet that the damsel carrieth shall here remain, and little joy will the brachet make until the knight shall come."

* * *

The King sitteth at meat beside the Queen. Straightway behold you, a damsel that cometh of such beauty as never was greater, and clad right richly, and she beareth a coffer richer than ever you saw, for it was all of fine gold and set with precious stones that sparkled like fire. The coffer is not large. The damsel holdeth it between her hands. When she was alighted she cometh before the King and saluteth him the fairest she may and the Queen likewise. The King returneth her salute. "Sir," saith she, "I come to your court for that it is the sovran of all other, and so bring I you here this rich vessel that you see as a gift; and it hath within the head of a knight, but none may open the coffer save he alone that slew the knight."

* * *

When the King had eaten, the damsel cometh before him. "Sir," saith she, "Make your knights be summoned and ready for that which you have granted me, and you yourself first of all." "Damsel," saith the King, "Right willingly." He setteth his hand to the coffer, thinking to open it, but it was not right that it should open for him. As he set his hand thereon the coffer sweated through just as had it been sprinkled all over and was wet with water. The King marvelled greatly, and so made Messire Gawain set his hand to it and Lancelot and all those of the court, but he that might open it was not among them. Messire Kay the Seneschal had served at meat. He heard say that the King and all the others had essayed and proved the coffer but might not open it. He is come thither, all uncalled for. "Now, then, Kay," saith the King, "I had forgotten you." "By my head," saith Kay, "You ought not to forget me, for as good knight am I and of as much worth as they that you have called before me, and ought not to have delayed to send for me."

Drawing by Percy Home

The Round Table in the Castle Hall at Winchester

"Kay," saith the King, "Come forward, there is no need of this." Messire Kay the Seneschal cometh to the dais before the King, whereon was the coffer, and taketh it right boldly and setteth one of his hands below it and the other above. The coffer opened as soon as he clapped hand thereon, and the head within could be seen all openly. A passing delicate-savoured smell and right sweet issued therefrom, so that not a knight in the hall but smelt it. "Sir," saith Kay to the King, "Now may you know that some prowess and some hardiment have I done in your service, nor might none of your knights that you prize so highly open the coffer this day, nor would you have known this day who is therein for them!-But now you know it by me, and therefore of so much ought you to be well pleased with me!"

* * *

"Sir," saith the damsel that had brought the coffer, "Let the letters be read that are within, so shall you know who the knight was and of what lineage, and what was the occasion of his death." The King sitteth beside the Queen, and biddeth call one of his own chaplains. Then maketh he all the knights in the hall be seated and keep silence, and commandeth the chaplain that he should spell out the letters of gold all openly according as he should find them written. The chaplain looketh at them, and when he had scanned them down, began to sigh. "Sir," saith he to the King and Queen, "Hearken unto me, and all the other, your knights.

* * *

"These letters say that the knight whose head lieth in this vessel was named Lohot, and he was son of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere. He had slain on a day that is past, Logrin the Giant, by his hardiment. Messire Kay of Seneschal was passing by there, and so found Lohot sleeping upon Logrin, for such was his custom that he went to sleep upon the man after that he had slain him. Messire Kay smote off Lohot's head, and so left the head and the body on the piece of ground. He took the head of the Giant and so bore it to the court of King Arthur. He gave the King and Queen and all the barons of the court to understand that he had slain him, but this did he not; rather, that he did was to slay Lohot, according to the writing and the witness of these letters." When the Queen heareth these letters and this witting of her son that came thus by his death, she falleth in a swoon on the coffer. After that she taketh the head between her two hands, and knew well that it was he by a scar that he had on his face when he was a child. The King himself maketh dole thereof so sore that none may comfort him, for before these tidings he had thought that his son was still on live, and that he was the Best Knight in the world, and when the news came to his court that the Knight of the Golden Circlet had slain the Knight of the Dragon, he supposed that it had been Lohot his son, for that none had named Perceval nor Gawain nor Lancelot. And all they of the court are right sorrowful for the death of Lohot, and Messire Kay hath departed, and if the damsel had not respited the day until the fortieth after the King's return, vengeance would have been taken of Kay or ever he might have turned him thence. For never did no man see greater dole made in the King's court than they of the Table Round made for the youth. King Arthur and the Queen were so stricken of sorrow that none durst call upon them to make cheer.

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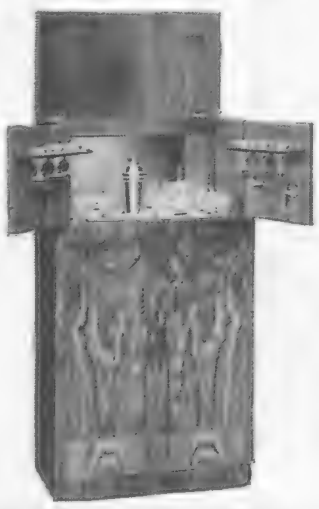

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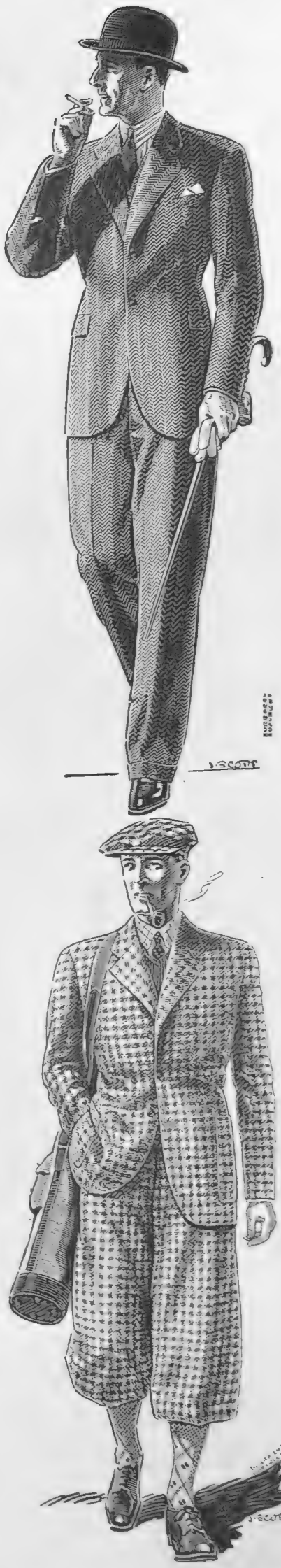

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★ ★ CHRISTMAS FRAGMENTA ★ ★

The Three Quakers
A Charles Lamb Story

I WAS travelling in a stage-coach with three male Quakers, buttoned up in the strictest nonconformity of the sect. We stopped to bait at Andover, where a meal, partly tea apparatus, partly supper, was set before us. My friends confined themselves to the tea-table. I in my way took supper.

When the landlady brought in the bill, the eldest of my companions discovered that she had charged for both meals. This was resisted. Mine hostess was very clamorous and positive. Some mild arguments were used on the part of the Quakers, for which the heated mind of the good lady seemed by no means a fit recipient.

The guard came in with his usual peremptory notice. The Quakers pulled out their money and formally tendered it—so much for tea—I, in humble imitation, tendering mine—for the supper which I had taken.

She would not relax her demand. So they all three quietly put up their silver, as did myself, and marched out of the room, the eldest and gravest going first, with myself closing up the rear, who thought I could not do better than follow the example of such grave and warrantable personages. We got in. The steps went up. The coach drove off. The murmurs of mine hostess, not very indistinctly or ambiguously pronounced, became after a time inaudible. . . .

At length the eldest of them broke silence, by inquiring of his next neighbour, "Hast thee heard how indigos go at the India House?"

THE BEST PRESENT: A BOOK
A Christmas camera study

A Puzzling Inscription in a Smugglers' Inn

THE solution to the puzzling announcement over the fireplace in the Green Man Inn at Bradwell, Essex, which appears on page 14, is as follows. One begins at bottom right hand corner and reads upwards:—

The Brewer has sent
his Clerk and I must pay
my Score and if I trust
my beer what shall
I do for more.

The Christmas Box

THE term Christmas Box, now applied to a coin or other gift, seems originally to have applied to the actual box into which money was placed.

In Mason's *Handfull of Essaies*, 1621, occurs the following: "like a swine he never doth good till his death: as an apprentices box of earth, apt he is to take all, but to restore none till hee be broken." The box was evidently at one time of earthenware. Aubrey, in his *Natural History of Wiltshire*, *circa* 1670, speaking of a pot in which some Roman Denarii were found, says: "It resembles in appearance an apprentices earthen Christmas box." In Taylor's *Wit and Mirth*, 1629, this reference to a box occurs: "One asked a fellow what Westminster Hall was like. Marry, quoth the other, it is like a butler's box at Christmas amongst gamesters: for whosoever loseth, the box will bee sure to be a winner." Gay, in his *Trivia*, has these lines:

"Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles, and kind, good, old aunts;
When time comes round, a Christmas box they bear,
And one day makes them rich for all the year."

Crying Ule, Ule, on Christmas Day

BLOUNT tells us that in Yorkshire and our other northern parts they had an old custom. After sermon or service on Christmas Day, the people would, even in the churches, cry Ule, Ule, as a token of rejoicing: and the common sort ran about the streets, singing:

Ule, Ule, Ule, Ule,
Three puddings in a pule,
Crack nuts, and cry Ule.

Grose, in his "Provincial Glossary," tells us that in "Farmhouses in the North, the servants lay by a large knotty block for their Christmas fire, and during the time it lasts they are entitled by custom to ale at their meals. In Gloucestershire, in the Cotswolds, they formerly had at Whitsuntide a festival called indifferently an *Ale* and a *Yule*; but it is to be suspected that the former name is the correct one."

MONA. By B. Movin-Hermes
From a camera study exhibited at the London Salon of Photography, 1936

Asleep on a Mail Coach
By Thomas de Quincey

"IT was past eight o'clock when I reached the Gloucester Coffee-house, and the Bristol mail being on the point of going off, I mounted on the outside. The fine fluent motion of this mail soon laid me asleep: it is somewhat remarkable that the first easy or refreshing sleep which I had enjoyed for some months, was on the outside of a mail coach—a bed which at this day I find rather an uneasy one. Connected with this sleep was a little incident which served . . . to convince me how easily a man who has never been in any great distress may pass through life without knowing . . . anything of the possible goodness of the human heart. . . .

"The case was this: for the first four or five miles from London I annoyed my fellow-passenger on the roof by occasionally falling against him when the coach gave a lurch to his side; and indeed, if the road had been less smooth and level than it is, I should have fallen off from weakness. Of this annoyance he complained heavily, as perhaps, in the same circumstances, most people would. . . .

"I apologised to him, and assured him I would do what I could to avoid falling asleep for the future; and at the same time, in as few words as possible, I explained to him that I was ill and in a weak state from long suffering, and that I could not afford at that time to take an inside place. This man's manner changed, upon hearing this explanation, in an instant; and when I next woke up for a minute from the noise and lights of Hounslow . . . I found he had put his arm around me to protect me from falling off."

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2. " " be capable of 28 M.P.G. and 70 M.P.H.
3. " " seat five people in COMFORT
4. " " have plenty of room for parcels & luggage
5. " " " Safety Glass all round
6. " " " a 12-volt electrical system, easy jacking, and a four speed easy-change gearbox.
7. " " be attractive to look at
8. IT MUST NOT COST MORE THAN £200

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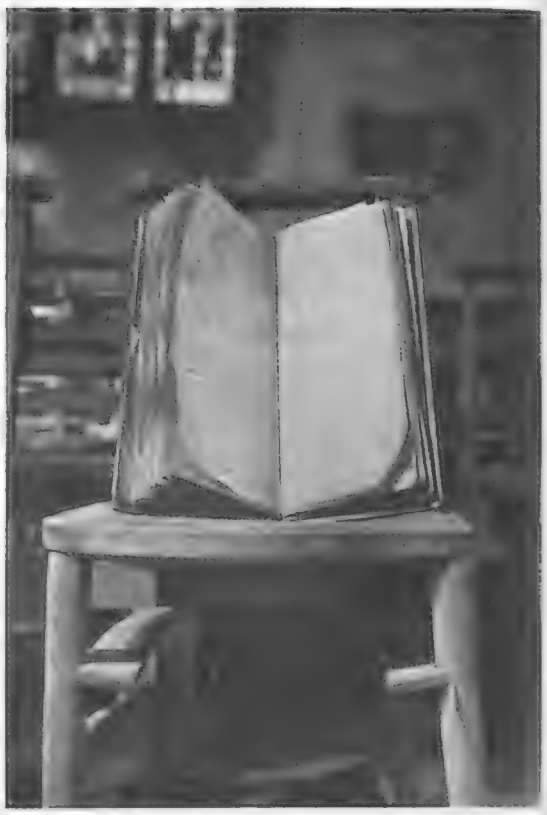
The LAST JOURNEY OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

(*Continued from page 32*)



The church register at Huntingdon containing the reference to the Queen's body

there had been a great Augustinian Priory, but that lay in ruins, the church only being saved for parish use. King James had a hunting box there. Scarcely a palace—and letters were dated from it only two days later, but they bore no reference to the body of the King's mother. The appropriate distance of Royston from Huntingdon would make it the fitting spot for the next stopping place—but the registers give no corroboration. Registers had not long been instituted as a general practice, and many of them have been lost or destroyed—or the parish clerk or vicar had not got into the habit of recording passing events.

On the 7th of October the journey was continued through Buntingford, Puckeridge, on to Ware, an important little town on the River Lea, which had had a market since the time of Henry III. As Bishop Neile led the way through Ware he would have realised that it was 17 miles from Royston, a fairly long stretch. Did he decide to stop for the night or press on to Hoddesdon? It is not known, but, suitable as Ware might be with its good accommodation, Hoddesdon was nearer London, and therefore would make a shorter stretch for the next day. The route lay through Hoddesdon, that stretched-out village along the highway, to pleasant Broxbourne, Cheshunt, where lay the fine house of Theobalds, built by Lord Burghley, and where James was entertained lavishly by the Cecils. He so liked the place that he exchanged Hatfield House for it—(Hatfield still remains in its Tudor stateliness, but nothing is left to-day of Theobalds)—and finally died there. A few miles further on was Waltham Cross, where a previous funeral procession nearly three centuries before had halted, bringing the loved Queen Eleanor's body to Westminster. At Waltham they were 11 miles from London. It must have been about midday, for we know that Bishop Neile brought the Queen's body safely to Clerkenwell by six o'clock on Thursday evening, the 8th of October. Neile's task had been performed by the time he reached Clerkenwell, where he handed over the royal body to others who were to carry through the final arrangements. A "free gift of £200" was accorded to him by the King, and his continued favour was shown by steady progress in the church, where he rose eventually to be Archbishop of York.

King James apparently took no personal part in the obsequies at Westminster of his "dearest mother," but from all accounts it was performed, with "solemn magnificence," as we find from Sir William Sanderson, who wrote a history of his own times. "A distinguished gathering of clergy and nobles awaited the body of the Queen, that Queen who had never been allowed to enter London before, lest perhaps her beauty, fascination and charm might have been embarrassing for the Virgin Queen. Of her beauty there seems to be no question, though her portraits do not always convey it.

"That marvellous beauty which attracted the eyes of the world," said the Archbishop of Bourges at the funeral service held at Notre-Dame shortly after the execution. He was speaking to those who had known her, as he had himself, who had seen her in all the splendour of her exquisite youth on her wedding day to the young Dauphin—and he dwelt upon the changes of her fortune—"who could have believed that such a change could have befallen her who appeared then so triumphant."

But at last some final honours were being accorded. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Rochester, the Dean of Westminster rode out to Clerkenwell, and with them went some of the great officers of State—the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Privy Seal, and many of the nobles. Writing on the same day to a friend, the Lord Privy Seal (Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton) added at the end of his letter: "the body of the most worthy Queen in the world is near the towne and the lordes are preparinge to waite on it . . ." and then presumably he mounted with the others and rode off in the twilight of the autumn day to meet Bishop Neile and the funeral coach.

Northampton had never met the Queen of whom he wrote so fervently, but his elder brother, the Duke of Norfolk, had been beheaded for his interest in the captive Queen and he, himself, had corresponded with her in secret—and had several times been put in prison on suspicion. He had never been actually proved guilty of treasonable action, but though he conformed outwardly to the Reformed Church he was suspected of remaining a Catholic at heart. He was a scholarly man, of great mental ability, and was a favourite with King James, who had amply rewarded him for the correspondence he had maintained during Elizabeth's lifetime.

Those who gathered at Clerkenwell were all one in their desire to please the King to whom they all owed much, but they were very different in character. The Archbishop of Canterbury, George Abbot, was a Puritan, though accepting Episcopacy—a hard, cold man, conscientious within narrow limits, but ambitious and not above using flattery for the royal ear. The Dean of Westminster, George Montaigne, was, like so many of the clergy of his time, of poor parents, but largely through the help of his patron, the Earl of Essex, he had climbed high. He also pleased the King, who enjoyed his quick wit. The Earl of Worcester, who was among the company, was well known as a Catholic, one who never denied his faith but who had convinced Queen Elizabeth of what she had hitherto thought impossible, that "a stiff Papist could yet be a loyal subject." But the most distinguished of them all, in learning, appearance and high reputation, was Thomas Egerton, recently created Earl of Ellesmere, the Lord Chancellor. His courtesy, great knowledge, and general sound judgment had been apparent to his late mistress, Queen Elizabeth, and James had the good sense to value the old statesman, even though he had had the unpleasant task of being prosecutor at the trial of Queen Mary at Fotheringay.

(*Continued on page 58*)

TRAVELLERS *REST*

BUT **SHELL** *DOES THE WORK*

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

The old road at Godmanchester along which the Queen's body was borne to London

him as Master Mason to the King, completed the stately classic monument, with its canopy supported by pillars of coloured marble, and enriched with armorial bearings. Under the canopy lies the recumbent effigy of the beautiful Queen, of whom Brantôme, her contemporary historian, who accompanied her from France to Scotland, wrote that "no man ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow." The effigy shows her delicate features and fine slender hands, so much praised by Ronsard, the French poet.

When the smoking tapers had been quenched, the last of the notables, choir and clergy had finally left the Abbey to the quiet of darkness and of night, the body of Mary, Queen of Scots, came at last to rest. The rival queens, Mary and Elizabeth, who had been destined never to meet in life, now lie in the same chapel, their plottings and jealousies ended, with only the memory of the charm and lovely attractiveness of the unfortunate Mary, of the power and majesty of Elizabeth who had made England great.

Beatrice Home.

The great west door of Peterborough Cathedral

THE LAST JOURNEY OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

(Continued from page 56)

The funeral coach with the coffin under the velvet pall was drawn through the busy streets with "plentie of torches"—people standing to watch it pass by, and looking out of the windows of the houses. Possibly King James had arranged for the entry by night for reasons of policy—trusting that there would be less people about—and after all he could not forget that the same citizens had rang the bells of the churches with joy on hearing of the execution of his mother. The Earl of Northampton evidently conveys something of this when he wrote on the Sunday following: "Though the King's mother was brought late to town to avoid a concourse, yet many in the streets and windows watched her entry with honour." She had indeed what one writer describes as "a translucent passage in the Night through the City of London by multitudes of Torches."

And so slowly through the city the procession came into Westminster, and as they approached the Abbey the bells of St. Margaret's rang out in solemn tolling. The body of the Queen was carried into the great Abbey Church, the resting-place of so many of the royal line of England, and was conducted by choir and clergy to the vault below the splendid tomb already prepared by the King—"the tapers placed by the Tomb and the Altar . . . smoaking like an Offertory."

The tomb had been made by two Dutch sculptors, father and son, Cornelius and William Cure. They had been responsible for the construction of the great monument to Queen Elizabeth, and when that was finished were given the commission to make one for the King's mother. Cornelius died before it was finished, but his son William who succeeded

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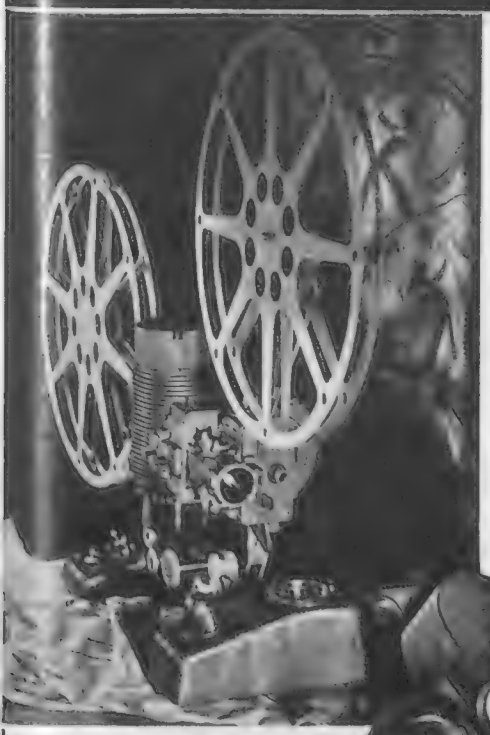

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PREBENDARY CARLILE, who reaches his ninetieth birthday on January 14, is still the active head of the **Church Army,** which he founded in 1882. Age has not damped his enthusiasm: if anything, he grows keener on his work. Some weeks ago, he was to be found with his chief lieutenants, making plans for the Church Army's great Christmas "push" against poverty and distress. The Prebendary hopes to arrange a wider distribution of Christmas Dinner parcels than ever this year, as well as for the giving away of large quantities of coal and Yule logs. He seeks the kindly co-operation of men and women of good will—your co-operation in fact. The sending of a Christmas Parcel to a poor family will make a difference—just that difference between a happy Christmas, and one that is a mockery of the spirit of this greatest of all festivals. Your gift of £5 will provide a parcel each for ten poor families. Donations will be welcomed by Prebendary Carlile at Church Army Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

* * *

A lighted window with the curtains drawn back is an irresistible attraction to most of us at Christmas time. Inside we shall probably see a decorated room, happy children playing with their new toys, a bright fire and almost certainly a Christmas tree. That is Christmas as we understand it—but here is another picture. It is a stable in which five horses are living, but it is also the only home of four motherless children and their father—an unskilled labourer, described as "a simple man." Turned out of their few rooms, they had nowhere to go and this was the only shelter the father could give them. Every day the **Waifs and Strays Society** is helping children such as these, and will have 4,500 stockings to fill this Christmas. For more than half a century it has given homes to needy and cruelly treated children from all parts of the country—in all to more than 40,000. And the Society's Homes are *real* homes. They are all small, so that every child may have individual care; the young people are dressed just like other children, they attend the local schools and belong to the local Scouts and Guides. The Society has 107 Homes all over the country and they include special ones for babies and toddlers, of whom there are some hundreds. Recently, a baby was received on the day of its birth. All the children are trained to earn their own living; the girls learn dressmaking, laundry and domestic work, and the boys are taught printing, carpentry, gardening, tailoring, etc. Nearly 500 of the children in the Society's Homes are crippled, suffering from rickets, infantile paralysis, etc., and special Hospital Homes are provided for them where they are made straight and strong by sun ray and expert surgical treatment. No destitute child who comes to the Society is ever turned away.

* * *

Founded in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England as a centre for research and information on cancer, **The Imperial Cancer Research Fund** is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The work of this Fund and of other great centres of research has increased our knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer and has so altered our outlook that the disease is now curable in increasing numbers. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure and, moreover, the present laboratories have become too small for the scope of the work. Administrative costs over a long period of years have consumed only 10 per cent. of the total annual expenditure, but the need for expansion makes it imperative for the Fund to appeal to the generous help of the Public. Donations, subscriptions and legacies are earnestly solicited and should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, 8-11, Queen Square, London, W.C.1, or paid direct to the Westminster Bank, Ltd., Marylebone Branch, 1, Stratford Place, London, W.1, A/c Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

* * *

Have you ever tried to imagine what it would be like to have nothing, *literally nothing*, to do and nowhere to go for weeks, months, *years* on end? To get up every morning with a day empty of occupation of any kind, devoid of hope or interest, stretching ahead of you and to know that to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow would almost certainly bring the same dreary, monotonous nothingness? Add to that a home going steadily downhill, a wife whose spirits are being drained out of her, and children who are of necessity deprived of much that they should have, and one has, alas! mentally sketched the lot of a very large section of one's fellow countrymen and women. It is men who *have* had to live it that the **Winter Distress League** exists to help. During the past 14 winter seasons the League has given work to 2,301 men and enabled 15,211 to take up work. Donations to further this work should be sent to the Winter Distress League, 23, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

* * *

The Shaftesbury Homes and **"Arethusa" Training Ship,** of 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, are doing great national work preparing over 1,100 poor boys and girls to be useful citizens. There are 240 boys in the "Arethusa" Training Ship, training for service in the Royal Navy, and the remaining 900 children are going into civil occupations where over 33,500 have already gone from the Society with the most marked success. Boys and girls from the age of five are received from poor homes and maintained and

NEWSVENDORS' BENEVOLENT AND PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

(FOUNDED 1839)

For the relief of distress amongst disabled and aged Members of all sections of the distributing side of the News Trade, their widows and dependent children.

£8,000 is distributed annually in Pensions, Temporary Aid and other forms of assistance.

Please send a

Christmas Gift

to

The Secretary,
15/16, Farringdon Street,
London, E.C.4.

Poverty BEHIND CURTAINS

Christmas Day . . . . no cheery glow from the hearth — no well-spread table to gladden the heart. BEHIND CURTAINS many poor families will go without, unless you help.

The Church Army aims at distributing thousands of parcels. Christmas happiness for one family (six to seven persons) is made possible by your 10/-. £5 provides for TEN families. Please post a gift now to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

MAKE IT A MERRY CHRISTMAS *through the*

CHURCH ARMY

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Patron—HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.
President—HI GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, K.G.
Chairman of the Executive Committee—SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON, BT., G.C.V.O., K.C.B.
Hon. Treasurer—SIR HOLBURT WARING, BT., C.B.E., F.R.C.S.
Director—DR. W. E. GYE.

Founded in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England as a centre for research and information on cancer, the Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in men and animals. The work of this Fund and of other great centres of research has increased our knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer and has so altered our outlook that the disease is now curable in increasing numbers. But our present accommodation is too limited and **we are now building new modern laboratories** to extend the scope of our investigations. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure, and help is urgently needed to meet the heavy additional cost of expansion.

Donations, Subscriptions and Legacies are earnestly solicited and should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, 8/11 Queen Square, London, W.C.1

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby bequeath the sum of £ to the Treasurer of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, 8/11 Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.1, for the purpose of Scientific Research, and I direct that this receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.

trained until they reach an age when they are able to support themselves. Every economy is practised; nevertheless, over £60,000 is required annually, and the endowment is very small. Please help! Patron: H.M. the King.

* * *

Christmas is a season of rejoicing and good will—family reunions and delightful associations—pleasant Yuletide customs and gifts—comfort and ease. All these are rightly connected with the festival of the Christ Child's birth and that is why we wish each other a Merry Christmas. But what is it to those who are this winter without the necessities of life? Unemployment stalks through our land. Sickness takes its toll. Destitution brings its terrors. Last year in addition to consistent relief of need throughout the twelve months **The Salvation Army** had as its Christmas guests 150,000 men, women and children who otherwise would have known little of the festive season, for hunger knows no holiday. Readers are asked to help The Salvation Army to minister in the same way this year, and gifts will be gratefully received by General Evangeline Booth at International Headquarters, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING! A crippled baby under the care of the Waifs and Strays Society cheerfully anticipates the coming festive season

* * *

It is one of the tragedies of life that persons afflicted with a physical deformity not only have to bear the pain from their infirmity, but have also to face the fact that they have no place in the world of business, and unless possessed of independent means, are compelled to rely for support on the charity of others. It was to help those who were thus situated that John A. Groom founded **The Crippleage** seventy years ago, his aim being not only to train crippled girls to make artificial flowers but to market their products. The Crippleage provides a home for crippled girls, also light, healthy spacious workrooms. In the Garden Village at Edgware Way, 219 crippled girls are in residence, while another 100 are employed in the workrooms at Clerkenwell and living in their own homes. They suffer from various afflictions; about eighty have only one efficient hand, others have bad curvatures, diseased hips and legs, rheumatoid arthritis, etc. They are paid at Trade Board rates and contribute to the cost of their board and lodging in proportion to their pay. It is, however, impossible for them to be self supporting. Their infirmities limit their output and the prices obtained for the goods are governed by competition with able-bodied girls. This works against them in two ways, because the amount they earn does not allow them to cover the full cost of their board and lodging. Hence the necessity of appealing to the generosity of the public to enable the work to go on. Legacies are greatly needed. The girls have the knowledge that they are contributing to their own support to some extent instead of being wholly supported by the charity of their friends. At Clacton-on-Sea there is an Orphanage for two hundred orphan children, who are accepted from a few weeks old to ten years of age and kept until they are over fifteen. They are then placed in domestic service or other occupations for which they may be suited. Also at Clacton there is a Holiday Home for crippled girls, and during the summer it is full to capacity, which is fifty-two. The girls come from all parts of London and its environments. Girls are admitted to either The Crippleage or Orphanage without votes or payment. The girl's need is the only qualification and the extent of the accommodation is the only limit to numbers. There is a long waiting list and this has been the case for a very long period.

* * *

Just over half a century ago, the **National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children** began work with the ambition that every child in the land should live "at least an endurable life." To-day, the Society ranges itself with what may be described as the positive child welfare movement and claims—and works for—"an even chance" for every child. Since its formation it has helped nearly 4,500,000 suffering children, and ensured for them the happiness of a normal life, free from the shadows of brutality, neglect and indifference. Many people, however, still fail to appreciate the great contribution this Society has made and is always making towards the advancement of the welfare of our youngest citizens. The National character of the work is reflected in valuable contributions to the legislation of this country, including the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Acts of 1889, 1894, and 1904. With its agencies in every part of the country and the vast influence it is able to exercise in securing proper treatment for children, the Society is surely a builder of the Nation's youth. Two hundred and seventy "children's men" are constantly at work in all parts of England, Wales and Ireland. Without the work of such a Society as this, there would be no hope for thousands of this country's children and future citizens. The Society works by persuasion, not prosecution. It invokes the law reluctantly and only when all other means have failed. To build homes together, not break them up, is the Society's aim, and many families to-day owe their new happiness to the unfailing tact and sympathy displayed by the Society's *(Continued on page vi)*

ROYAL SURGICAL AID SOCIETY

Patron: His Majesty the King.

- Gives every description of Appliance to the afflicted poor.
- Its operations are not confined to any locality.
- Subscribers receive "Letters" of recommendation in return for their Subscriptions and thus the distribution of their benefactions is in their own hands.
- The number of Subscribers' "Letters" required in each case is in proportion to the cost of the appliance needed.
- Subscribers of one guinea receive four "Letters." How many may we send you for the benefit of some deserving person in whom you are kindly interested and whose case we have investigated?
- Address the Secretary, Head Office, SALISBURY SQUARE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

CHRISTMAS FOR THE CHILDREN
MAKE THEM HAPPY

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES
AND
"ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

have under their care 1,100 poor boys and girls who are being trained to become good and useful men and women.

To carry on this Great Work **£60,000** is needed annually, and the Society has a very small endowment.

These are two typical children under the care of the Society, one training for civil employment, and the other for the Royal Navy.

NO VOTES ARE NECESSARY. POVERTY AND NECESSITY ENSURE ADMISSION.

PLEASE SEND A CHRISTMAS GIFT TO THIS GREAT WORK.

164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

President: H.R.H. The Duke of Kent, K.G.

£150,000
URGENTLY REQUIRED

The Committee earnestly appeals for £150,000 to provide the following much needed extensions:

1 EXTENSION TO THE RESEARCH INSTITUTE. The Royal Cancer Hospital Research Institute is one of the leading Cancer Research Centres in the World, but the work needs to be carried out more extensively and intensively.

2 ENLARGEMENT OF WARDS. The Royal Cancer Hospital was built in 1859. Many of the wards date from that period and must be enlarged and modernised.

3 NURSES' HOME. A new addition is necessary to provide adequate comfort and rest for the Nursing Staff.

Without these necessary and long deferred extensions the work of the Doctors and Scientists must suffer restriction.

PLEASE SEND A CHRISTMAS GIFT TO THE EARL OF GRANARD

The Royal Cancer Hospital
(FREE)
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

WAIFS & STRAYS
SOCIETY

4,500 BABIES · BOYS · GIRLS & CRIPPLES NOW IN OUR HOMES

The smallest GIFT gratefully received by
The SECRETARY, OLD TOWN HALL, KENNINGTON, S.E.11

WORK— NOT CHARITY

Please help us to help such as these.

In fourteen seasons the League has definitely enabled 15,211 men to take up work, in addition to employing 2,301 itself on special constructive schemes of its own.

We guarantee that all money sent in direct response to this advertisement will be wholly expended in wages.

YOUR CONTRIBUTION, however small, will be gratefully received by :

The Hon. Treasurer,
Sir Francis Goodenough,
C.B.E.
Winter Distress League
23 Bedford Row,
London, W.C.1.

Tel.: Chancery 7140.

CHRISTMAS KINDNESS

(*Continued from page v*)

workers. These untiring efforts to give joy instead of misery, happiness instead of degradation and ruin have well earned for the N.S.P.C.C. the familiar title of "The National Godfather." Further details regarding the Society's work will be supplied gladly by William J. Elliott, Director, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

* * *

The Royal Surgical Aid Society, which has just completed 74 years of service in the provision of surgical appliances of every description for the afflicted poor, is a valuable—and, indeed, indispensable—adjunct to the work of our hospitals and merits the generous support of the charitable public. It enjoys the Patronage and sympathetic interest of His Majesty the King, and the work is controlled by an influential and representative Committee. Every effort is made to safeguard the charity from abuse. In addition to Subscribers' Letters of Recommendation being needed in each case, a doctor's certificate is also required, and for the convenience of those patients who have not their own medical attendant, surgeons attend daily at the head office of the Society, to examine and prescribe. Enquiries also are made as to the circumstances of each applicant, and those who are able to contribute towards the cost of their appliances are encouraged to do so. During its existence the Society has supplied over 1,600,000 appliances, and the value of the help thus given cannot be over-estimated. It not only brings comfort and ease to the individual sufferers but in very many cases enables the recipient to become independent and self-supporting and oft-times to maintain his family, who thus share in the benefit bestowed. In this way the work of the Society is clearly an asset to the community at large and should therefore appeal to all classes for support. Its operations, moreover, are not confined to any locality; it has seventeen provincial branches and during the past few years it has specially assisted a large number of cases in the distressed areas of the County of Durham. Lands afar have also furnished patients; and from time to time artificial limbs and other appliances have been sent to Africa, India and China. Sir William Beveridge, at the last annual meeting of the Society, said: "There is one thing upon which nearly all economists are agreed which should lead the public to support the work of such a Society—consumers' freedom—by which is meant the freedom of the owners of income to spend it as far as possible in their own way. A shilling spent voluntarily gives one much more satisfaction than money that was spent compulsorily. It is surely much better that work of the kind which is done by this Society should be done by voluntary self-taxation than that it should be done by compulsory taxation. Nobody can question that the needs met by voluntary contributions to this Society are urgent and real; and the meeting of them is sound economics from every point of view." Subscribers receive letters in proportion to their subscriptions and these letters enable the patients to procure the needed relief. In many cases in which the applicants find difficulty in obtaining sufficient letters, the Committee assist with grants and thus expedite the supply of the appliances. The Secretary will be pleased to furnish any further information. Head Office, Salisbury Square, E.C.4.

* * *

The East End Mission, among its many excellent activities, provides free breakfasts for slum children, and is shortly to open a milk bar to provide these children who are many of them under-nourished, with the opportunity of pure and good milk at the cheapest possible rate. With regard to the first of these services, the organiser writes: "We still occasionally hear from well-intentioned people who imagine that there is no real need for these free breakfasts we provide. They hold that the State is doing all that need be done. That is a tragic misunderstanding. The State certainly does more than it has ever done. But it should not be forgotten that its calculations are necessarily based upon a minimum scale. It would be interesting to see what would happen if some of the well-to-do folk who think these breakfasts unnecessary had to manage for a month on the allowance provided by a public assistance committee!" Contributions to help on this excellent work may be sent to the Rev. Percy Ineson, Stepney Central Hall, 583, Commercial Road, E.1. "As I commence the fifth year of my Superintendency in the East End Mission," wrote Mr. Ineson in the September issue of the *East End Star*, "I have a sense of thanksgiving on the one hand and of expectancy on the other. Looking back over the last four years, the amazing thing that strikes me is the development that has taken place. Whilst we have been quietly working we have scarcely been aware of the fact that great things have been happening, but now in retrospect the cumulative results seem to be enormous. I will mention only a few developments on the social side. There were many tired mothers for whom we could make little provision and whilst we dreamt of a home of rest for them, it did not seem to be within the range of possibility. Then, without warning, the problem was solved and a seaside house was presented to us as a Memorial Home. This satisfied us for a while, but soon the accommodation was taxed to the uttermost. Then, when we were almost giving up hope, the semi-detached house next door came into the market, and we were able to secure it, and now we are planning to make the two houses into one Home, where peace and health can come to the tired folk who spend most of their lives in surroundings that are incredibly dull and sordid. There has also been the development of the work of the community kitchen. This has been made possible by the ladies of the West End, organised by Lady Askwith and Lady Violet Gregson, who have given personal service. Owing to the goodness also of traders, who have let us have food at a low price, we have been able to provide nourishing meals at a nominal charge to children and their unemployed parents."

* * *

The British Sailors' Society has for its slogan "For the Sailor all the days—in a hundred ports—in a thousand ways," and the activities disclosed in the annual report of the Society bear out this claim. "People very often do not realise that the seaman has to keep up a home of his own somewhere or other, but he himself very seldom sees it," says the Chairman, the Hon. L. W. Joynson-Hicks. Therefore it is our job to try to

Make your Christmas Happy by making these cripples happy

John Groom's Crippleage, incorporated by the great Earl of Shaftesbury and John A. Groom over 70 years ago, takes helpless cripples from all over the country and trains them to make beautiful artificial flowers of all kinds, including the roses for Queen Alexandra's Rose Day. Such useful employment enables these poor girls to become partially self-supporting and to face the world bravely. There are over 300 employed and cared for at Clerkenwell and Edgware.

In addition, 200 girls are maintained and trained at their ideal Orphanage, Clacton-on-Sea. The Holiday Homes for cripple girls are also at Clacton.

"Never before in thirty years have I seen such a concrete instance of pure mercifulness, no, nor such a lovely one either."—Vide Press.

JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE
AND FLOWER-GIRLS' MISSION (Inc.)

To carry on this beneficent work funds are urgently needed—also LEGACIES. Will you help with a subscription? The work can only be maintained by voluntary contributions.

Send postcard for interesting literature.

The Sec., JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE AND FLOWER GIRLS' MISSION (Dept. 26), 37, Sekforde Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1.

WORK OF THE N.S.P.C.C.: One of the 270 inspectors maintained by this organisation with one of the 103,034 children assisted last year. The work of the Society varies from the helping of ailing and crippled children to have the medical aid they need, to prevention of cruelty or callous treatment by parents

provide the seamen from the Port of London a home when they call at Torquay or Falmouth, or Auckland in New Zealand, or wherever it may be, all round the world.

So widespread an organisation naturally needs funds for its support; the demands upon it are unceasing. Information may be obtained from and contributions forwarded to the General Secretary, British Sailors' Society, Sailors' Palace, Commercial Road, London, E.14.

* * *

Eight thousand children in need of food—such is the Barnardo family—the small destitutes gathered from the highways and the byeways, the alleys and the slums. In the 70 years just passed, more than 118,000 destitute little children have knocked with trembling fingers upon the Ever-open Doors of **Dr. Barnardo's Homes** and have looked for help in their distress. And since the Charter of the Homes is "No Destitute Child Ever Refused Admission," none has ever been turned away. There is neither Waiting List nor Voting System. Destitution of the child is the qualification for immediate help and sanctuary. For seventy years the nation's destitute little ones have found sympathy and understanding within the circle of this enormous family; they have been rescued from poverty, wretchedness and unfavourable conditions, and by love and constant care and guidance have been converted into sturdy and self-reliant citizens of the Empire.

At this very moment, over 8,000 Barnardo children are undergoing the processes of transformation and it is these who look to *you* for their daily bread. In the matter of feeding, few children give cause for anxiety; the anxiety lies more with those whose responsibility it is to supply the daily food. In the case of Dr. Barnardo's Homes the anxiety is very real. The problem here is not so much will the children eat the *right* food as will they have *sufficient* to nourish and build up their bodies. Each day this problem has to be faced and each day, through the generosity of their many friends, the Homes are able to surmount it. Even so, the anxious moments are many. Donations should be made payable to "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," 18-26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

* * *

Professor E. L. Kennaway and Professor J. W. Cook, of the Research Institute of **The Royal Cancer Hospital,** Fulham Road, have been chosen from the cancer workers of 45 countries to receive a prize of about £350 and 50 milligrammes of radium from the International Congress of the Union Minière du Haut Katanga. The award is regarded as a triumph for British research workers in general, and, in particular, for the Royal Cancer Hospital, where patient work has been going on for many years and is being continued with a view to tracking down the causes of the most dread disease of the age. One group at any rate among the causes of cancer has been discovered, classified and studied. It began in the shale industry in Scotland when the observation was made that shale-workers tended to suffer from malignant growths of the skin, and the research was brought to a triumphant conclusion at the Cancer Hospital. The story of the prolonged investigation will certainly rank among the most dramatic in the history of medicine. It ranks already, by general consent, among the most important. Patiently and persistently the workers in Fulham Road followed the clues which shale-workers' cancer and mule-spinners' cancer had given them. Thanks to the help afforded by the Gas Light and Coke Company and other bodies, a great number of substances, tars and paraffins and derivatives of coal, were examined in most minute detail, so that the quality which some of them exhibited and others did not exhibit —namely, the power to produce cancer—might be identified. Years were spent in the quest without apparent success, and the late director of the Research Department, Dr. Archibald Leitch, died before the prize at which he had aimed had been won. But to his colleague and successor, Professor Kennaway, it was given not only to carry out the greater part of the work but also to arrive at definite knowledge. Already this knowledge is being applied in further and even more difficult studies which have enlisted the interest of the whole medical world. So much so, indeed, that there is to-day no more famous British hospital than The Cancer Hospital in Fulham Road.

At Christmas remember,

THEIR CHRISTMAS TREAT

please, the children in poverty in East London and assist us to provide "Treats" for 17,000. The cost is 2/- each. Aid us also to give 1,200 Christmas parcels to families in urgent need, and a sociable party on Christmas Day to a number of "lonely souls," isolated in life.

Kindly send a Christmas gift, large or small, to

The Rev. PERCY INESON,
Superintendent,
Stepney Central Hall,
Commercial Rd., London, E.1

The East End MISSION

A CHRISTMAS GIFT to DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

will make over 8,000 children happier.

YOU can be sure that your Xmas Gift to Barnardo's will bring real happiness to needy girls and boys.

SEND them A

CHRISTMAS GIFT of 10/-

IT is an experience you will enjoy!

Cheques, etc., should be crossed, made payable to Dr. Barnardo's Homes and forwarded to 20 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

CHRISTMAS

far from Home

In ports all over the world, thousands of British seamen will spend their Christmas in The British Sailors' Society Hostels. Please help us to entertain and cheer them. Also provide treats for Sailors' widows and Dependents.

Jack's Christmas Cheer depends on The

BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY

Gifts welcomed by Hon. Treasurer, The Right Hon. SIR FREDK. SYKES, P.C., G.C.S.I., etc., 680, COMMERCIAL ROAD, LONDON, E.14.
Chairman:
Hon. L. W. Joynson-Hicks, M.A.
General Secretary:
Mr. H. E. Barker.

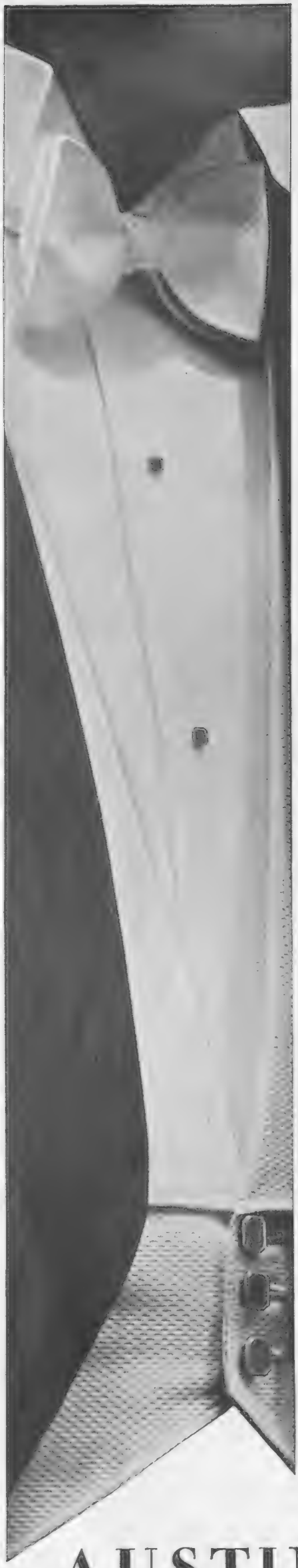
LOVE begets LOVE

"Mummy, daddy" — from tiny lips, no two words sound sweeter. Yet many parents choose to crush the joys that children give. Cruel deeds, neglectful actions — innocent little ones cannot escape them, but you can dry their tears through the

N·S·P·C·C

PLEASE SEND A CHRISTMAS GIFT

to Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. W. Truscott, Bt., National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.
(President: H.R.H. The Duke of Kent.)



ALL CORRECT

Evening Dress must be up-to-the-minute in correctness of detail and at the same time completely comfortable. That is why our new white waistcoats are made in a choice of three depths of front in each fitting (from 10/6) and our latest evening shirts with three sleeve lengths and three depths of front in each collar size (from 10/6). That is why we make six styles of dress collar in ½ sizes (8/6 a dozen) and dress ties (from 1/6) in styles to fit any size of collar. Such refinement of detail makes certain that Austin Reed dress clothes are comfortable, correct and inexpensive.

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

London and Principal Cities

THE LIQUEUR OF A PRINCE

Romance clings about the history of Drambuie, first brought to Scotland almost two hundred years ago by a follower of Prince Charlie. It was then the drink of Princes and Lords, valued for its rarity and its excellence. To-day, manufactured by descendants of the family to whom the recipe was given so long ago, Drambuie retains its pre-eminence on the table of the connoisseur. Obtainable in all first-class establishments.

Packed in Tartan Boxes, ready to post, it makes an ideal and unique Christmas Gift.

THE PERFECT COCKTAIL CONTAINS DRAMBUIE

Prince Charlie Cocktail
⅓ each Drambuie, Cognac, Lemon Juice

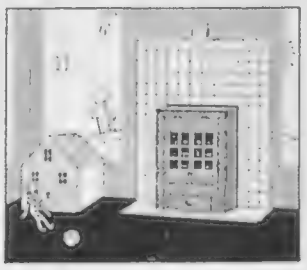
Isle of Skye Cocktail,
⅓ each Lemon Juice, Drambuie, Gin

Drambuie

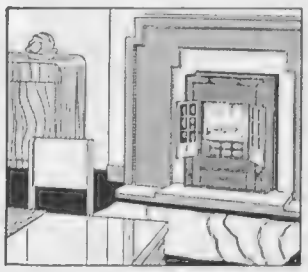
LIQUEUR Co., Ltd., 8 & 9 Union Street, Edinburgh

Put a Cozy Stove in *and keep Winter out!*

A COZY STOVE in the BEDROOM banishes the discomforts of damp bedclothes . . . you undress in a delightfully warm room.



Children must be kept warm, and they must play—even in the winter. A COZY STOVE in the NURSERY is so safe . . . so cheering



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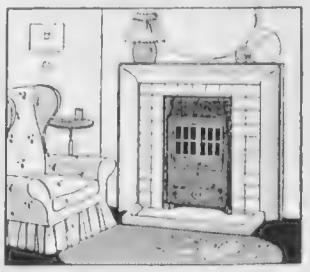

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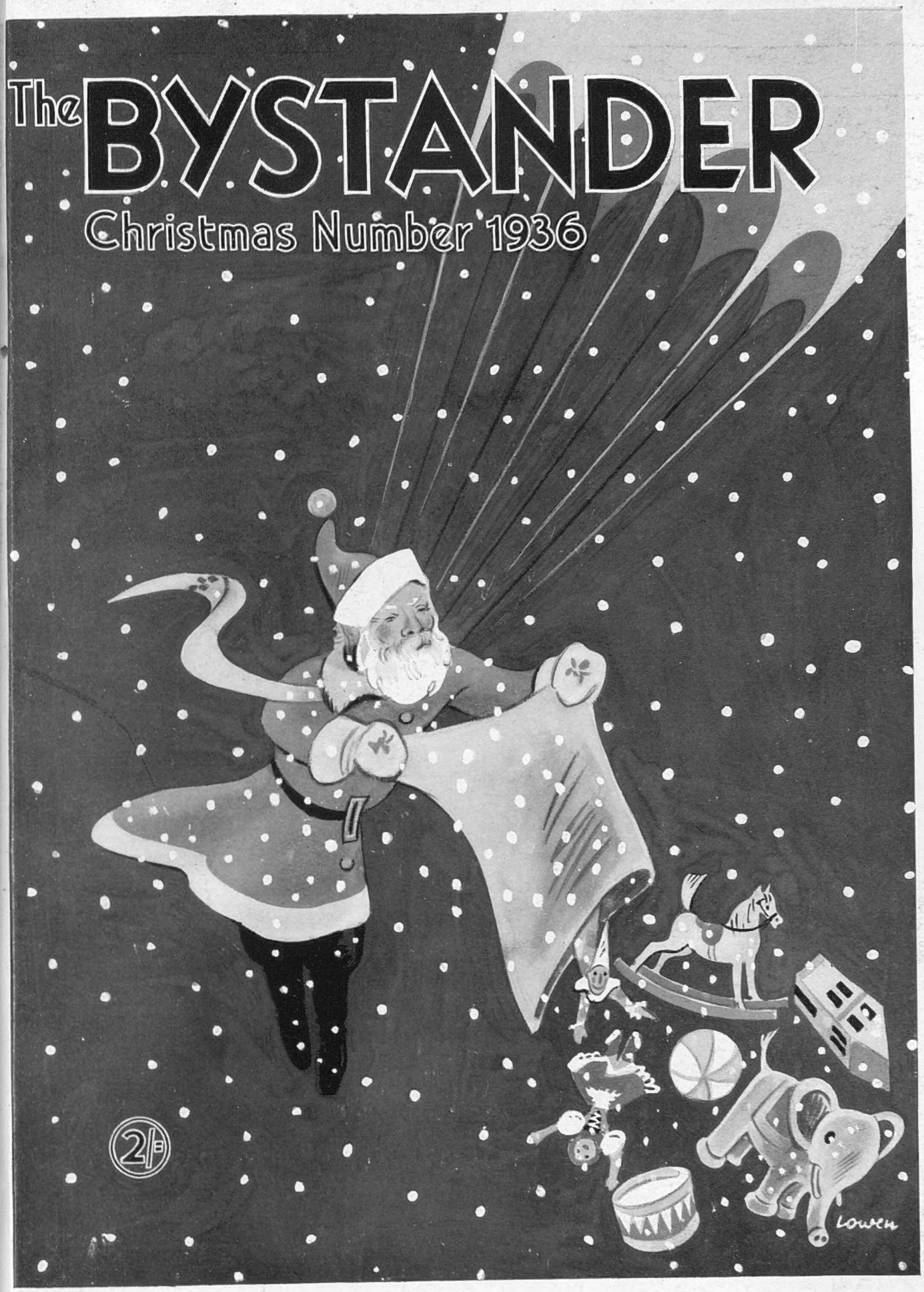

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